

Movie-Land

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AS A NEWSPAPER,
No 1. VOL. 1.
Jan 3rd 1921.



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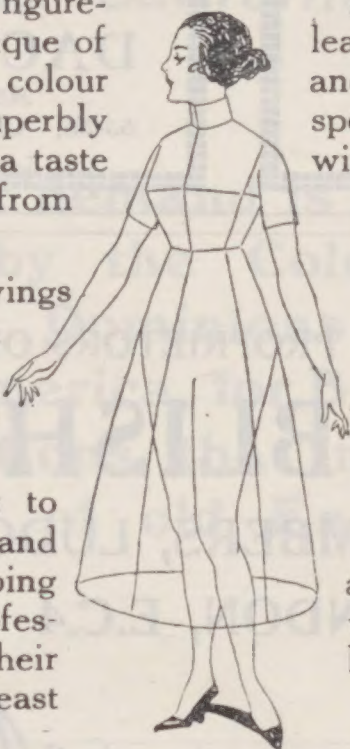
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A PROTEST.

"THE MATRIMONIAL CIRCLE" advertisements are
refused by a certain section of the Press. WHY does this
apply to a Journal conducted on honourable principles and confirmed by an editorial quite
unsolicited, given in the CORNISH AND DEVON POST, on December 27th last, which says:

"THE MATRIMONIAL CIRCLE" "which is conducted on
strictly business lines,
contains a large number of advertisements from both ladies and gentlemen who desire to
enter into the matrimonial state. The Editor announces that the utmost care is taken to
ensure that every advertisement appearing therein is genuine. No effort is spared to prove
the authenticity of each, and should the slightest possible doubt exist, the communication on
which that doubt rests is forthwith returned to its sender, with a peremptory demand for
a full explanation. The publication will be sent post free in sealed envelope on receipt of 6d.
P.O. or stamps."

Address: THE EDITOR, 18, HOGARTH ROAD, EARL'S COURT.

Movie Land

THE BRITISH CINEMA WEEKLY DE LUXE.

Editor: MRS. HELEN SEVREZ.

EDITORIAL OFFICES: 4/6 ST. ANN'S CHAMBERS, BROADWAY, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C.4.
TELEGRAMS: CHAPINSURA, CENT. LONDON. TELEPHONE: CENTRAL 9620

The Editor will be pleased to consider MSS., 1,000—1,500 words in length, on film, theatrical and dancing topics. MSS. must be exclusive and original, preferably accompanied by photographs, and stamped and addressed envelope for return in case of unsuitability. While the Editor will make every effort to ensure the safe return of rejected MSS., no responsibility will be accepted for their loss.

WHY "MOVIE?"

But—why Movie-Land? The question was asked with uplifted hands by various highbrows to whom was confided the general plan of the new British film weekly. For some reason that eloquent word seems to have got on the nerves of the intelligenzia. Certainly, it is the word of the people; richly democratic in flavour as is the whole world of the films. And like the film, it is international. All the world can read the Story of Mankind in pictures.

* * * * *

It is a pleasant word—Movie; and comes glidingly off the tongue. "Cinema" and "Kinema" fail to grip the imagination. They are uninspiring, assorting ill with the full-blooded atmosphere of Movieland.

"Movie" is more alluring than either of its scientific etymological relatives. It is a word that in its utterance becomes a smile.

* * * * *

You won't find "movie" in a dictionary. But, then, neither will you find there many another word beloved of poets and acclaimed by the people. And the people have a poetry of language all their own. "Movie" is in every sense a *picturesque* word. Life, palpitating, ardent life, incessant movement, abounding adventure. This is what "movie" means.

Movieland—a land of limitless surprise; a land of moon-haunted rivers and mysterious mountains; of palm-sentinelled deserts and flower-starred isles; a land which holds us breathless with the wonders of our own age and lures us down the centuries to chain our sympathies in the cut-and-thrust chivalries, the lavender-perfumed romances of Long Ago.

* * * * *

Movieland—a land at whose wide-open portals there is racial rencontre and rapprochement, For emotion is international. The heart of East and West beats to the same primitive zest of great adventure and high romance. And "Movie" expresses the spirit of it all—the restless spirit of universal Life.

Hence "Movieland" for the multitude. It is the word of the people.

MALVINA LONGFELLOW IN HER GREAT SCREEN ROLE.



LADY HAMILTON.

She is to star in the film version of "Pharos," Sir Antony Hope's well-known story.



BRITISH FILMS FOR BRITISH PEOPLE.

The Dawn of a New Era in British Film Production.

THERE are no narrower dogmatists than your so-called artists and pseudo-Bohemians who pride themselves on their mental breadth. They deal in such familiar verbal coinage as "the international outlook," "insular prejudice," "British arrogance," and so on. The Great British Public, outside their own inner circle of the elect, is suffering from artistic myopia. They alone have the True Vision.

In the world of the film their voices were heard from the outset. The British film was hopeless. We could never aspire to equal American and Continental productions. British film enterprise, the increasingly insistent demand for British films, the coincidental raid on London by American stars, now reveals them as a somewhat disgruntled band. It is time they realised that a loyal preference for the British hallmark does not imply a wholesale ban on foreign achievement. Foreign artists, incidentally, do not embark on a London season for the isolated delectation of a clique. They know the Great British Public has a cosmopolitan heart.

OUR ARTISTIC INHERITANCE.

The outstanding qualities that have given this country a world-reputation for virility combined with staunchness, for creative ardour and endurance, for the practical idealism that has made us administrators and artists, poets and pioneers, are qualities whose very essence is international. The elixir of our blood-inheritance is a compound of Saxon, Celt and Latin that constitutes an incomparable legacy. There flows through our veins the virility and the mysticism and the high romance of races that have hurled the javelins of Destiny across the world.

Is it strange, then, that we have produced a Shakespeare?

What is the mysterious unknown quantity in the British temperament and British artistic and dramatic achievement that rouses the hypercritical ire of "Britishers" who have ears only for alien music, eyes only for alien art?

Have we not produced also our Sarah Siddons and our David Garrick, our Irving and our Terry? Have not our Shelley and our Keats bowed the heads of humanity in tribute?

THE TORCHBEARERS.

Have not Barrie and Galsworthy, H. G. Wells and Arnold Bennett (the last-named, I hope, will become our Cervantes of the screen), worthily carried on the torch? These names rise appositely to one's mind in writing of British films. Barrie some time since began his contributory quota to the uplift of the British film; Galsworthy's masterly play, "The Skin Game," is shortly to be produced; H. G. Wells's "Kipps," so dear to English hearts, is to make his inimitable bow from the "movies."

Hepworth, Broadwest, Stoll, George Clark—to mention only four of the best-known British companies—can look back on most creditable and encouraging records of past achievements, and I know they look forward with commendable modesty and invincible enthusiasm to bigger things to come. For one other outstanding quality of our race is the ability to keep its hand to the plough and to press forward to the mark.

BRITISH SCENERY.

Those who have the highest interests of British films at heart will not be content even with first-class mediocrity. From studio accommodation, lighting devices, "properties," costumes, and so on, to the art, the remuneration and the general working conditions of the entire cast, they are out for the best. They have abundant faith in the genius of British authors and British picture-players. They know that the fair face of Britain can smile from the screen in mountain and valley and river; in the beauty and grace of her daughters, and the virile manhood of her sons; they know that the heart of Britain can beat from the screen and rouse the people of Britain to enthusiasm, to joyous laughter, or melt them to honest British tears.

So wonderful is the geographical conformation of this incomparable little island of ours that we need not go beyond its sea-girt borders to capture the palm-grown spaces of the east, the blue waters of the Mediterranean, the white towers of the minaret gleaming against a desert sky. The cornucopia of destiny has poured upon us not only the rich gifts of our blood-inheritance, but has made our land a land of many faces in which Nature has expressed herself in a myriad moods.

BRITISH PLAYERS.

And our picture players? Place aux dames! Alma Taylor, queen of versatility; Violet Hopson, tender, temperamental, the lodestar of womanly sympathy; Ivy Duke, whose heart speaks in her beautiful eyes; lovable, laughter-waking Queenie Thomas; "dare-devil" Poppy Wyndham; to say nothing of such notable recruits from the stage as Constance Collier, Sydney Fairbrother, Eva Moore, Haidee Wright, Mary Dibley, Mary Glynn, Isobel Elsom—all of whom are doing regular cinema work. Are not these names to daunt the Philistines? Has not Ellen Terry herself bequeathed an immortal legacy to posterity through the incomparable medium of the screen?

As for our men, they need fear no rivals in any film producing country in the world. In the group of our young debonairs, our romantic lovers, Owen Nares shines with his own bright particular light. Peter Upcher is a real "Harrison Fisher" hero as to good looks, and an athlete too. Hayford Hobbs, that typically "nice" young Englishman who happens also to be a very fine artist, has a really great screen career before him. In Leslie Henson, irresistible comedian and prince of laughter, we have a *farceur* who can vie with the ubiquitous "Charlie." Rex Davis,—Conan Doyle hero, creator of "Rodney Stone" and formidable amateur pugilist,—has just had a signal compliment paid to him, having been engaged to play lead in a huge all-French cast for the Gerard Bourgeois production of Conan Doyle's "Uncle Bernac." In the strong silent roles, Norman McKinnel. Henderson Bland and Aubrey Smith tower in the memory as three of our geniuses of the screen, as of the stage, who in an incredibly short space of time mastered the subtle differences of stage and screen portrayal; while Matheson Lang, a potent, dramatic figure, flung wide the gates of Movie Land for an unforgettable procession of Shakesperean screen triumphs.

January 3rd, 1921.

Movie Land

ENCOURAGE OUR BEST.

No one could be more generous in appreciation of the best of foreign films or more frank in their openly-expressed indebtedness to some of the outstandingly brilliant American and Continental producers than the biggest of our British producers and British film players. Only a few weeks ago I listened to the whole-hearted tribute of both, to the genius of Réjane and Mercanton, in the latter's masterly production of Jean Richepin's classis, "Miarka—the Bear Child." To work for the advancement and ennoblement of British films is not arrogantly to close one's eyes to the screen masterpieces of other countries. Once more let it be said: the disgruntled anti-British highbrows are not alone in their appreciation of cosmopolitan genius.

But like all creative artists, both British producers and British picture-players need the encouragement of their public. British picturegoers have the future of British films as much in their hands as have those who are responsible for their production and interpretation.

We are a loyal race.

Let us be loyal to our artists!

THE YANKEE LABEL.

For some reason there is a sort of fetish in this country that no camera man is worth a big salary unless he can talk through his nose and comes from America. In many cases there are camera men working in the same studios, achieving very much the same results, whose salaries are continents apart. In one studio, for instance, the American camera man receives three times the salary paid to a particularly brilliant Englishman. The most glaring example, however, of the American label and its value was told me by the man himself. He was employed two years ago in a British studio and then went to America, where he was employed as a salesman only. He did not take even half-a-dozen feet of film during the whole period. He has now returned to England, and has found employment once more in a London studio at a very pleasantly inflated salary, which he has been told is "due to his American experience."

INTERVENTION OF L.C.C.

The London County Council Education authority has been carrying out a vigorous campaign against the employment of young children in cinema studios. Very few producers, and certainly fewer mothers, ever knew that there were any such regulations, although in actual fact the bye-laws under the Employment of Children Act of 1903 had equipped the L.C.C. with powers to stop children under eleven years of age from following any employment at all. The Education Act of 1918 only amplifies this regulation, and extends the age to twelve. Under the new L.C.C. bye-laws drafted as a result of the findings of a committee which sat in October, children over twelve and under fourteen may only be employed, out of school hours, between 7 and 8 in the morning and 5-30 and 6-30 in the evening.



A NEW BRITISH STAR.

Mr. Peter Upcher, since his demobilisation, has made rapid progress on the film, and has been starred in four productions. One only has so far been released, "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story," in which he plays the part of the fickle lover. Mr. Upcher does a good deal of riding in this character, his mount being his beloved mare "The Midget," who is now almost as experienced a film star as her master. He had to ride across the River Colne with the heroine, Miss Mary Odette, in his arms, and when half-way across was urged by a brazen-voiced producer to "kiss her, you fool!" It is credibly reported that Midget shied at such publicity. Mr. Upcher had a distinctly strenuous part in "The Definite Object," a film version of Mr. Farnol's story, as he had to box a twelve-round fight. He went through two months of somewhat bruising training under a well-known trainer in order to obtain the necessary semblance of skill. Mr. Upcher is also a composer of popular ballads, which include "Love and Friendship," a "gratifying success," he says, "if sales are any criterion."

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THE FILM IN THE FIELD. MEMORIES OF THE MOVIES IN FRANCE.

(By J. H. VARWELL).

It was cheerfully agreed by most of the fighting men that it was "a horrible war"! But it had, as life in almost any circumstances nearly always has, its moments. And some of the best of them were when your battalion or battery drew out from the line for alterations and repairs. The average man in khaki then desired three things in the following ratio of urgency—(1) A bath; (2) Beer; (3) A cinema show.

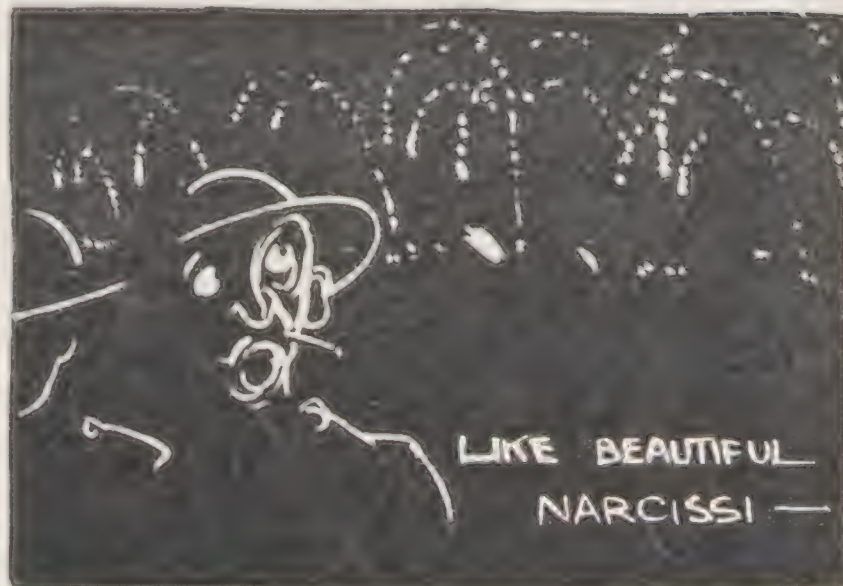
It was often easier to get number 3 than either number 1 or 2. But the legions of lousy, thirsty, mud-stained khaki gallantly remembered the slogan of the Blighty drill-instructors—"There's a war on"—and acted on the excellent principle of old Omar's:—

"Oh make the most of what you yet may spend,
Before you, too, into the Dust descend."

There were some queer movie shows over in France and Belgium while the fighting was on. Of course, if one were lucky enough to get right back to places like St. Omer, or Popperinghe, or Boulogne, or even to some perfectly good small town like Béthune, there were proper civilian cinemas available. But it was the real peripatetic field cinema that filled the bill for the fighting men mostly. Some of these were wonderfully good in their film shows. Some were a scream. But anything was good enough for men who had been looking into pitch darkness punctuated by Vérey lights, and living in trench dug-outs, for five or six weeks on end. The conditions did not make for fastidious criticism.

And one point may here be noted. In the ordinary Cinema Palace at home one discovers that the crowd usually follows the main drama of the show with rapt attention, and thoroughly enjoys the comic film too, but tends to get restive while the movie pictures of current events are being sandwiched in. The operators of the field cinemas, showing behind the British lines in France and Belgium, soon learnt that their khaki patrons simply doted on those pictures of home events. For the ordinary man in the ranks, leave came round at the best of times about once in twelve months. It was like a premature glimpse of Heaven to be shown real palpitating scenes of the traffic in London's streets, a peep of Trafalgar Square, or the gay throng strolling as usual down Piccadilly, and, when it sometimes happened that pictures were flashed on the screen of real life scenes in some country town in Blighty from which the particular "mob" present hailed, the Boche guns could hardly hear themselves speak!

One small cinema show I recall, not far behind the actual fighting lines on the La Bassée sector, where there was a civilian pianist engaged. This was a real luxury, because one got quite used to cinema shows without music at the front. I am not absolutely sure that, during tense scenes of great heartthrob films here at home,



LIKE BEAUTIFUL
NARCISSI —

complete silence for some moments on the part of the orchestra would not produce a certain effect. But the pianist at La Bassée played all the time, without any pauses for intentional effect, except one night. For some reason the German batteries opened up that night, and put some shells rather close up to our cinema barn. The way that pianist stopped, on the crescendo rise of each approaching shell, and gave us dead silence for the final burst outside, was most dramatic. The Tommies gave her a cheer eventually, and shouted "Stick it, M'amselle"! There was one fine cinema theatre, improvised by the Army authorities in some open fields near Essars, into which the Germans plunked two big shells. There was "business as usual" the next night. And even at Popperinghe, as one stumbled along in the dark at the tail-end of the cinema queue, one saw the German Vérey lights climbing the sky all round like beautiful fiery narcissi, and the walls shook with the reverberation of the guns.

The charge for admission at all cinemas within the fighting area, and within the jurisdiction of the Army authorities, was very nominal for soldiers. Officers could pay a slightly higher price for a reserved seat. And the local Belgian or French civilians were very keen on getting in to see the show, too. But I was never quite certain, either in the case of the Popperinghe cinemas or our Divisional theatres, where regular stage entertainments were also run, whether the main attraction for the Belgian flappers was the third-rate show or the first-rate audience.

After the terrible fighting on the Somme in the summer of '16, we had cinema vans right up behind the lines, showing the famous film of our troops going over the top to the assault in that great battle, and the situation was really rather remarkable. The



— FINAL BURST OUTSIDE —

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battle was still in progress, and its thunders dominated the local cosmos, when men who had been engaged in the actual fighting shown on the film were witnessing the cinema shadow-battle in shell-holed fields close behind. In some cases the film was shown from the vans right on the spot where the original pictures were taken. And men were able to identify themselves and their friends as actors both in the epic of a few weeks before and of the film-drama of the moment. That film, I believe, was objected to in Blighty on the score of its too brutal realism. No such objection was taken to it by the men who fought on the Somme whose fortunes it depicted, though for many of them the figures on the film were like real-life ghosts. The dead friends and comrades of yesterday postured once more as in the living life. It was like a wonderful miracle. And incidentally the opinion of most of the fighting men was that it was better for the realities of war to be shown to people at home, and none of its crudities glossed over, than that the folks in Blighty should continue to flavour rude high explosive with polite lavender water.

Some of the comments made by soldier spectators on the ordinary cinema films shown at the front were priceless. If the film was a really good one, it was followed in strict silence, as a rule, except for the striking of matches, and other sounds inseparable from a congested audience of campaigners who have been sleeping in their unwashed clothes for some time in the open. One drama I saw shown on the film near Villars Faulkon, in a large marquee tent, in the autumn of '17, has great comic memories. It was a very stiff transpontine melodrama, with France as the *mise-en-scène*, and a terrible mix up in the way of plot. The villain killed the hero's impending father-in-law, and the hero was sentenced, in circumstances of acute drama by a French Court, to penal servitude for life for the crime of which he was innocent. The next film showed him sitting on the low bench in his prison

cell—an apartment apparently made deep in the bowels of the earth, of solid ferro-concrete many feet thick, and with huge steel doors. The Tommies eyed that obviously shell-proof dug-out, noted its comfort of actual seat and table with jug complete, and there went up, to the vast amusement of the staff officers in the front row, a stentorian murmur of "And b—— cushie, too! What's he grousing at, anyway?" The arrival of the Prison Governor, with news of the villain's death-bed confession and the hero-prisoner's immediate release, went well. "Ere you are, Bill; 'ere's the blinking R.T.O. with 'is leave ticket!" When the hero arrived at his long-lost home, and embraced his weeping young wife, who carried a baby in her arms, the comments were very "topical." "Oh Lor'! Another buckshee baby! Those blinkin' troops been billeted arahnd there again, I 'spose!" Then comes an official at the door with another missive. And promptly the intensely sympathetic murmur goes up from the khaki audience: "'Ard lines, matey! All leave suspended!" It was a wonderful experience to watch the changed angle of outlook in those khaki active-service cinema crowds. What would have harrowed them before the war, when they were peaceful suburban civvies, merely made them laugh then. When the villain was killed the immediate cry was "S.B.'s this way!" When the heroine swooned, it was "Where's yer blinkin' field dressin', Miss?" And when she held out her arms to the hero it would be "Kiss me, sergeant!" Some of the phrases that one heard through the cinema darkness in those days—and afterwards in hospital—had a special Army innuendo and a Rabelaisian tang. As, for instance, the night there was a film showing the villain creeping stealthily into the fair heroine's bedroom, and the heroine, alarmed at the noise, starting up in bed. The *mot juste*—familiar wherever the British Army drill instructor's admonitory voice was known—came with perfect intonation from some wicked khaki humorist: "Wait for it! Wait for it!"



A MESSAGE FROM CECIL HENRY BULLIVANT.

(The well-known novel writer, whose ninth film is shortly to be produced.)

The British public will welcome "Movie-Land" as the first really serious journalistic attempt to bring closer the British reading public and patrons of the moving picture. There is a great deal of talk nowadays about the poor quality of some American

films. It seems to me that the remedy for this lies with the picture-going public themselves. Exhibitors generally show their patrons what they ask for, and if they will only ask for screen versions of popular British stories, they will get them.

SUBSCRIPTION FORM OF "MOVIE-LAND"
APPEARS ON PAGE ONE.

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VIOLET HOPSON,

THE FAMOUS BROADWEST FILM STAR, TALKS TO FILM ASPIRANTS.

In this article, Miss Violet Hopson tells of all the difficulties with which one is faced in film land. Eliminating from the cinema profession its imaginary "rose-strewn path" atmosphere, this clever film star makes it quite clear that film acting is a real business, in which one's study is never completed.



MISS VIOLET HOPSON AT HOME.

THE one and only way to obtain film work is to make application for "crowd" engagements at the various studios, and unless you are living within easy distance of these studios, remember that your application very probably will be overlooked.

Perhaps if I explain the methods of casting a film you will understand more easily what I mean. In the majority of films there are what in film land are termed "crowds." The artistes for these "crowds" are not engaged for the whole time the film is in the making, but only for one or two days, during which time the producer "shoots" all scenes in which the "supers" are utilised. It may be estimated that a film takes six weeks to make—this means that during that time the crowd workers can only expect one or two days' work with the company making that film. For a film crowd requiring fifty people the casting editor may have as many as five hundred names from which to make a selection, so that even if one's name is registered with the company one is not guaranteed an engagement.

If one has sufficient money to enable one to be

independent of the salary earned by crowd work, for a period of, say, eighteen months, then things are more easy, but to depend on one's salary during the apprenticeship period is exceedingly unwise. Apart from fares to and from the studios and the little expenses that always crop up, the crowd worker has to supply his or her own clothes, unless the film demands fancy costumes, or period dress.

Of course, there is always the chance that one may be picked out of the "crowd" for a small part, and then it is entirely up to one's self whether one succeeds or not. There are cases where girls have risen to fame in a few days, but the majority of stars are not made in a day. Of myself, I can tell you that it took me more than six years of hard work to get to the position I hold at the present time. I started in "crowd" work, and in "crowd" work and small parts I remained for over eighteen months, until I had acquired sufficient experience to be given a chance to show what I could do in a bigger way.

If I could, I would like to take every one of you who wants to act for the films and show you what a day's hard work at the studio is like. It would give the majority of girls a very different idea of the life of a film actress from the roseate vision they probably cherish! If you have definitely made up your mind that a film actress you must be, cultivate "Kinemavation." "Kinemavation" is a word I have invented to express the faculty of using your ears and eyes and general powers of observation as applied to film work. The study of human nature and psychology is of the greatest assistance to the film player. There are lessons to be learned in every corner of the earth at every minute of the day, and you must keep your eyes open—take a deep and genuine interest in life and its many phases.

You must study human nature everywhere—in the train, in the tube, on the racecourse, the football field, in the street, in the restaurant. You must watch manners and memorise types.

You must also study literature. The heroines of all the great tragedies and the great romances of ancient and modern times should be familiar to you. You should study history—particularly social history—so that you may know how people behaved, how they ate, how they drank, and how they dressed in the days of long ago. A study of poetry, too, will stimulate your imagination.

The way to fame via the film screen is no primrose path of dalliance. But there is always room at the top for greatness. If you have thought carefully over all I have said (I am afraid you will call me discouraging, but I have told you just what I know to be facts), and still feel that you can act—go in and win. Grim determination, optimism, and enthusiasm should help you to attain your ambition. Good luck to you!



MASTERS OF MOVIES.

SPECIAL INTERVIEW WITH MR. J. STUART BLACKTON, WHO IS TO PRODUCE LADY DIANA DUFF-COOPER.

THERE was quite a flutter in the filmland dovecotes when it became known that Mr. J. Stuart Blackton was to "produce" Lady Diana Duff-Cooper in a film to be written round the famous beauty who for years reigned undisputed queen of the brilliant society amateurs who have philandered with the drama.

From the moment of his arrival in England in November last, on a preliminary trip, Mr. Blackton was one of the most sought-after men in London. Filmland in its various battalions marshalled at the Savoy. His magnificent work for the Vitagraph Company long since made his name familiar to the British "movie" world, and the announcement that on December 28th, he would be back again for good to make Blackton British films was received with a chorus of good wishes.

"I have been homesick for a long time," said Mr. Blackton. "It will be good to be home."

For, contrary to a quite common supposition, Mr. Blackton is an Englishman, born in Sheffield. As a youth he emigrated to the United States. In 1898, at the time of the Spanish-American war, he produced the first photo-play. Previously he had made other types of motion pictures. For almost a quarter of a century he has been the commanding figure in the great American film industry, the most prominent and gifted of screen directors, an indefatigable planner and pioneer of new methods destined to advance by leaps and bounds the art and science of cinematography. Many of the world's greatest film stars awoke to find themselves famous—through the genius of J. Stuart Blackton. His influence has extended over the world.

To talk to him for two hours, as I did a few weeks ago, is to realise that his creative powers are to-day greater than ever. Here is a man whose temperament and mental make-up present a most intriguing compound of idealism and business acumen. He is a consummate artist and a keen director of affairs. His unassailable artistic egotism has nothing of the swashbuckling contempt for other people's opinions which characterises a less agreeable type of egotist.

But it would be strange if success after success had not given him confidence in his own judgment and artistic vision. His outstanding quality is his amazing quietness of speech and complete absence of mannerisms. Everything he says is so well worth the saying that he has no need of pose or gesture to "get across" with his vital ideas.

Now definitely established in England, he is convinced that in this country he will find scenery and players destined to inspire epoch-making achievements in the world of the film. He asked me not to outline in detail, for the moment, his manifold plans. But I am permitted to say that he is to build a giant picture theatre de luxe, with a great pipe organ built into one end, that a magnificent symphony orchestra and first-class vocal interludes will provide another irresistible attraction, that there will be seating accommodation greater than

that in any existing picture theatre in the country, and films worthy of their setting.

"And Lady Di?" I queried, when Mr. and Mrs. Blackton and I sat in long council in their apartment at the Savoy.

"Oh! She is beautiful!" This from Mrs. Blackton, as inspired an ally as any man might hope to have, who waxed eloquent on the subject of Lady Diana's charming unaffectedness. "There is something irresistibly appealing in her almost childlike candour and directness," she said. "You should have seen her sitting on this rug in front of the fire, clasping her hands about her knees, looking up at us through wreaths of cigarette smoke with those wonderful eyes of hers, and repeating, with that ineffable childlike air: 'Do you think I shall be able to do it? Oh! . . . I will try.'"

Mr. Blackton makes no secret of the fact that it is going to be no easy matter to find the inspired scenario writer who will provide him with the ideal film for the distinguished newcomer. He is above all the advocate of the "human interest" picture play. "It is not by any means the films that have necessitated the most lavish expenditure which prove the most popular favourites. One moment. Let me show you a little picture." And the famous producer took from his desk the beautiful study of his wife and children, of which a reproduction appears on page 28. "I posed them," he said, "in allegorical intimation of what I believe to be the greatest thing in the world—Motherhood. I shall never produce a photo-play I would not like my wife and children to see. I want all my screen plays to reflect the beauty of the home, of motherhood and of life, and to appeal to clean-minded people. My little son and daughter have appeared in several films, of course, under my direction. My wife and I regard it as part of their education."

In a word, Mr. Blackton is a veritable apostle of the new religion of Humanity to be interpreted by the film. The movies, he maintains, can be made the great international link of racial reapproachment.

Beauty that leaves no bitter taste in the mouth is his quest. He has given the world of picturegoers unforgettable beauty, serene and spectacular, the beauty of smiles and tears, in a long series of magnificent productions he has conducted in America, culminating in his recent triumph, "Passers By," which won unprecedented acclamation from some of the biggest publicists and artists in this country. And he is here in England to carry on the good work and to continue to give us of his best.

"I am going to make British films," he said with quiet confidence, "that will find a world-market."

"A propos," I interpolated, "is it true that the American picture-going public is asking for British films?"

Mr. Blackton smiled. "There has been a war," he said. "American boys are still talking about France and England."

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And their folks want to see the same places, the same people. Europe wears a more intimate aura for them now, and British films that would have made no particular appeal to them before the war will to-day be pregnant with vital interest."

In the meantime, British picturegoers may congratulate themselves on this newest and most brilliantly gifted ally of the cause of British Films for British People—and for the world.



THE SCREEN PREFERRED.

Miss Dorothy St. John, who is at present playing the part of "Camilla" in "Carnival," the gondola scenes of which are being actually filmed in Venice, has not acted for the screen since she was eleven years old. She then appeared in a film which was produced by a Croydon Company no longer existent. Since then she has had experience both of revue and the drama, spending two years at the Hippodrome, and playing in the recent revival of "The White Man" at the Lyric. Miss St. John suggests that it is difficult to compare the stage and the film, but hints with diffidence that six days' actual work in two months is a somewhat more leisured life than twice nightly performances on every day in the week.

The above symbolical portrait of Mrs. Blackton and the two lovely Blackton children, posed by Mr. Blackton, expresses his thoughts on the beauty of motherhood.

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FAIR SHOOTING!

GIVE THEM THE SCENARIO.

No producer of plays for the legitimate stage would dream of expecting to get the best out of his artistes if they were ignorant of the story of the play in which they were acting. But any number of lesser cinema artistes are playing in studios near London without the foggiest idea of the psychology of the characters they are supposed to represent. Sometimes even principals are called upon to play scenes without understanding their relation to the rest of the play; and the producer alone is the privileged person who holds the "continuity" threads in his mind. Can't producers realise that it is much easier to register a realistic emotion if that emotion can really be felt—an end that can only be attained by a studious perusal of the whole scenario? There have been instances not a few when "sets" and dresses have been designed for plays of which the designer knew little more than the name of the piece—with a vague description of the locale of each scene. Too much can be left even to the most brilliant producer.

A MATTER OF AVOIRDUPOIS.

On one occasion I gasped with astonishment to find "the gaunt Miss Pross" in "A Tale of Two Cities" portrayed as a rotund, moon-faced individual, oozing amiability and almost aggressively maternal. Miss Pross was none of these things. Her beauty consisted solely in largeness of heart; her fascinations in the marvellous contrast between her meagre, awkward body and her big, lofty soul. Producers, beware! It would be an awful thing to be presented with a plump Hamlet or an emaciated Falstaff. Stranger things have happened in our movie generation.

THE MOVIE SNOB.

Why is it that folks who profess to be "above" the movies find so much amusement in visiting them, ostensibly for the express purpose of passing scathing criticisms upon the performance? The neighbourhood of the "superior" fraternity is unwelcome in the genial atmosphere of movieland. Their running fire of weak witticisms, interspersed with derisive chuckles and gurgling groans, may add to their own enjoyment of the entertainment, but is an insufferable annoyance to those who look forward to their visit to "the pictures" as the bright spot in a workaday week. If movieland jars so disastrously upon their æsthetic sensibilities, why on earth don't they keep away? Poor snobs! The real reason is not far to seek. They wallow in the very elements they affect to despise. And this camouflage of derision is their very penetrable armoury of self-deception. Of course, sensible complaints are a different matter. I am myself a "gentle grouser." But for pity's sake let's have some respect for other people's enjoyment while the performance is in progress, and keep a civil tongue in our heads while we are within the portals of movieland. We can snap and bite when we get outside.

THE GENTLE GROUSER.



DESDEMONA MAZZA, the lovely little Sicilian actress, who shares with Réjane, of immortal memory, the honours of the new Mercanton production, "Miarka, La Fille à l'Ourse," adapted from the famous play by Jean Richepin.



The peerless NAZIMOVA, whose film fame is world-wide.

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SCENARIOS IN BRIEF.

THIS WEEK'S PICTURES.

Amongst the principal films which will be seen for the first time this week at the leading Picture Theatres are :—

ANNA THE ADVENTURESS.....	Hepworth
BLEAK HOUSE.....	Ideal
CAMPING OUT.....	Butcher
PATRICIA BENT, SPINSTER.....	Phillips
THE GREAT GAY ROAD... ..	Walturdaw
WOMAN UNDER COVER.....	Moss
WITH EDGED TOOLS.....	I.V.T.A.
EVERY DOG HAS HIS DAY.....	Pathé
THE DARKEST HOUR.....	Vitagraph
THE THIRTEENTH COMMANDMENT....	Famous-Lasky
WHERE THE MOOSE RUNS LOOSE...	Jury
WILD AND WESTERN.....	Gaumont

* * * * *

Amongst these, as will be seen from a glance at the list, adaptations of well-known novels or plays predominate. Most of them are so well-known that it is not necessary to refer to the story. One can say, however, that "Anna the Adventuress" is a particularly well-produced version of the popular novel by Phillips Oppenheim, with Alma Taylor in the dual role of the twins "Anna" and "Annabel." She is well supported by James Carew and Gerald Ames, and the scenes in Paris and London are exceptionally well done.

* * * * *

"The Great Gay Road," originally a stage play, then a novel, by Tom Gallon, and now "screened" by the Broad-West Company, is a romantic story of a gentleman tramp with a charming life-story and lots of humour. The Knight of the Road is excellently played by Stewart Rome and the other members of the Broad-West Stock Company.

* * * * *

Phillip's release of the Garrick film, "Patricia Brent, Spinster," adapted from the well-known novel, should not be missed by picture-goers. It gives Ena Beaumont and Lawrence Leyton great opportunities to display their sense of comedy in a setting which is worthy of this romance of London life.

* * * * *

That talented actress, Miss Constance Collier, is the star in the Ideal's film version of "Bleak House,"



STEWART ROME, in unfamiliar guise as "The Tramp" in "The Great Gay Road."

which has been re-acted as far as possible on the actual spots indicated in Dickens' novel.

* * * * *

In the I.V.T.A. picture play founded on Seton-Merriman's "With Edged Tools," the contrasts between the drawing-room scenes and those enacted in the wilds of Africa are wonderfully effective.

* * * * *

"The Woman Under Cover," which is a Universal Film, to be released by Moss Empires on Thursday, is a tragedy dealing with the "lurid" side of journalism with a romantic relief, and featuring Fontaine La Rue and Harry Spreglor. "The Darkest Hour," which the Vitagraph Company are issuing to-day, is a drama of city and "lumber" life written round the theme of a man who loses his memory, and who was married, but did not know to which girl!

* * * * *

In "The Thirteenth Commandment," Ethel Clayton plays the part of a wealthy girl who gives way to reckless extravagance, but is eventually "reformed." During the course of her adventures she makes a failure of the stage, but eventually

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"makes good" and earns her living in a lingerie shop.

.....

Pathé Freres are releasing two big "serials" this week, in addition to their ordinary films, entitled "The Adventures of Ruth" and "Dare-Devil Jack." Both consist of a large number of exciting episodes to be released "once a week." It would spoil the enjoyment of future instalments for those who like these kind of films to give a synopsis of the story in either case, but a few notes on the first episode of each, which will be seen this week, will show that neither of them is lacking in "thrills."

.....

In Episode I. of "The Adventures of Ruth," which is headed "The False Countess," Ruth's dying father confesses that he was forced to join a band of thieves known as "The Terrible Thirteen." He tells her that she can make partial reparation by executing the tasks outlined in notes attached to thirteen keys which she will receive one at a time. Ruth must find the Peacock Fan. The first of the thirteen keys Ruth finds attached to the hall clock. With this she secures the puzzling Peacock Fan. She gains admission to the secret meeting-place of the Terrible Thirteen, and they give her the Brighton Pearls, in exchange for which she is to deliver into their hands the Peacock Fan. Ruth seizes the curtains which have hidden the criminals from her view,



JACK DEMPSEY (right) in the thrilling serial, "Dare-Devil Jack."

and accuses them of the murder of her father. She finds the second key, then disguises herself, and enters the Brighton mansion. Just as she is about to restore the pearls, Paul, her cousin, switches on the lights, and, mistaking her for a burglar, attacks her. She finds herself in the clutches of two policemen. They mistake her for a notorious crook, "Frisco Fannie." Paul recognises her, and believes his cousin to be a thief!

.....

And that's that—"to be continued in our next," which is called "Kidnapped"; after which we shall get "The Bewitching Spy," "The Stolen Picture," and so on!

.....

"Dare Devil Jack" is a melodrama of an equally lurid type. The scene of the first episode called "The Mysterious Bracelets," is laid in the "Western Sahara," but it is a portion of the desert which is atmospherically—in every sense of the word—very suggestive of the United States of America. Needless to say, the "thrills" positively overlap. The producer must have wallowed in a complete library of "dreadfuls," and he has not missed a single opportunity.



ENA BEAUMONT (at table), famous as the "Venus of the Screen" in "Patricia Brent, Spinster."



Miss IVY DUKE.

SOUTHWARD BOUND!

By Guy Newall.

YOUR laudable desire that I should send you a photograph of us arriving in Nice in a flood of sunshine has been sadly nipped in the bud!

We arrived on the worst day Nice has known for thirty years. Rain, wind, cold—all the climatic energies of England in March or thereabouts. Serve us right if we can't stand a joke? Certainly.

Our arrival at Dover was signalled by one of the worst gales on record. My room at the Lord Warden had double windows which shook and rattled all night long, and kept me wakefully alive to what was in store for me in the morning. It came eventually. A blasting morning. Seas like mountains, which I gazed upon while dressing, and tried to tell myself they were nothing like as bad as they looked. Just to show them, I sang lustily, and cut myself while shaving. By the time I got downstairs maroons were making the air merry; lifeboats were going out; and people were running about the hotel. I do hate people who *run* about hotels, don't you? Porters were blown out of doors with luggage and blown back again without it. Elderly globe-trotters looked askance out of the window—and damn silly, anyway. Then Ivy came down. That was the moment I had been waiting for. I sauntered nonchalantly towards her. "I've been thinking about you, dear," said I, "and—well, don't you think it's rather rough to cross to-day?"

She sailed towards the dining room—and breakfast—in that intrepid manner which always gives me a sinking feeling in the stomach. "Nonsense," said she. "It's sure to be worse to-morrow. Besides, it's nothing. I crossed the channel in the worst gale that was ever known in the early forties"; or something of that sort. Of course, I didn't believe a word of it, but it's a difficult sort of statement to argue about. "Moreover," she continued, having ordered a disgustingly immoderate breakfast, "it only takes an hour." For my part I don't see that it matters how long it takes to go to the bottom. The result is inevitably the same. Besides, even looking on the brighter side of things, any boat who knows its business (or her business, I should say—one gets so beastly pernicketty about genders in this country) can have her way with me in less than a quarter of that time. However, grasping my Mothersill firmly in my right hand, I said in that irresistibly charming manner for which I am famous in the home, "Certainly, if you wish. We will cross to-day." My chattering teeth had scarcely closed upon the stoic utterance when deliverance came in the uniform of an R.A.C. official.

"Mr. Newall, sir?"

I inclined my head, indicating thereby that his surmise was correct, but not giving him sufficient evidence to use against me.

"I regret to say, sir," he said, "that the Company refuse to ship any cars to-day owing to the roughness of the sea."

With admirable composure I refrained from grasping his honest hand. "Monstrous," I cried.

"This is nothing! A mere storm in a tea cup. Why, my good fellow, had you crossed in the early forties in the worst—"

"Sorry, sir, but it's nothing to do with me. I only thought I would let you know, sir."

And so that man went out of my life. Somewhere he will get his reward.

In the morning the sea had calmed. But the calmness of the sea has nothing to do with the gentleman who decides whether your car shall go aboard or not. He had not Canute written on his hat, but what that gentleman said to the tide so this gentleman says to you, and your car, and all that is yours. And should you not have much largess upon your person, the answer is a lemon. His methods are non-committal. He never can tell whether the car can go or whether it can't, and all the time other things, and luggage, and cars, and people, are being rapidly pushed on board, and the steamer is blowing its whistle, and the sailors are unlash the gangways, and the dawg who collects for any old orphanage is wagging his tail and barking, and the purser is pursing like hell, and you are getting the wind up.

Then, just as the steamer is moving off—held by a single thread, as it were—the stevedore, I think they call him (though heaven knows why), decides (should you have shown him an overdrawn passbook and permitted him conscientiously to search you) that *your* car shall be put aboard. So, carelessly shaking a few passenger trunks off the last load of luggage that the crane is putting aboard into the sea, just to show what he really can do, he makes horrible signs to the driver of said crane, and, should you be fool enough to look up, you will see your perfectly good Daimler full of all the good things you hope to smuggle over, but can't, poised in the air on a rope that threatens to break at any instant. When well clear of the wharf, and well over the sea itself, the stevedore grins fiendishly at you from the quayside, and the crane stops. This is the moment that the captain of the ship has been waiting for. He then starts to pull handles that ring bells, and sailors yell strange language from the deck, and, in other words, you are off. And your car is still dangling like a rotten bit of bait from the end of the crane.

In the frenzy of the moment you tear off your clothes and hurl them to the stevedore in a last, piteous appeal. If they fit him, your car comes hurling after you on to the deck, and, if it doesn't bounce off again, you are then allowed to put the pieces together. During the voyage over, I tried to take our steamer tickets, but the gentleman who sold them said he hadn't got any left. So I couldn't have them, could I? When we tried to get off he was waiting at the gangway for me.

January 3rd, 1921.

"Why haven't you got your tickets?" said he.

"Because you hadn't got any to sell me," said I.

"That wasn't my fault," said he.

"I didn't say it was," said I.

"But it *might* have been," said he.

This rather stumped me, so I said, "Yes, I suppose it might." He grew bellicose at this.

"Are you trying to make out it's my fault that I hadn't got any tickets?"

By this time the entire passage from the ship to the quai (notice how differently I spell this quai from the quay on the other side, won't you?) having been blocked up, the gendarmes, or whatever those gentlemen with rusty daggers at their hips are called, had begun to curl their moustachios, and the gentlemen with "Douanes" written all over them had taken a reef in their belts. So I said, "Certainly not!" And he said, "Well, it sounded like it." So I apologised, and he, snatching a few tickets from some other passenger who wasn't looking, sold them to us for all the money the others had between them, and we were allowed to pass on to French soil.

I think there must have been some sort of festival on that day, for when the car was put on shore the Customs people, the Douanes gentlemen, ran round and round it, making curious sounds. When they were exhausted they seized the spare tyre we had and proceeded to "weigh" it. It seemed such a curious rite. I should never have thought of weighing a tyre, would you? After a while, and when some hundreds of them had made obeisance to it, they wearied of the game, tossed it playfully back to us, through the glass window of the car, and charged us many francs. They then went to feast, I fancy, and, after many hours, one only there was who returned. I took off my hat to him. He bowed. I said, "Have you any objection to our proceeding on our way?" He said, "No, no, no, no, no! I have given grave consideration to the matter, and I have come to the conclusion that it would be just as well if you did."

So we passed out on to the great gay road of Northern France, with its sweeping avenues of broken-down coal mines on either hand. But, possibly, you know the grandeur and the beauty of the surrounding country round about Calais? That night we came to Abbeville, where for some time, I believe, General French made his headquarters. Our arrival found the place full. Oh, no! Modesty forbids. . . . Still, the fact remains.

Eventually we got rooms over a little café which, poorly furnished though they were, as I was afterwards to learn is the case practically throughout

France, was spotlessly clean, and the beds extremely comfortable. The next day took us through scenery which might just as well have been Buckinghamshire, and at Nantes we ran into such a thick fog that we might have been back in our studio in Ebury Street. We went through it, and the dark, and the strange roads, for two hours to get to Versailles—and the Trianon Palace Hotel. Here we dined in the room in which the terms of the Peace Treaty were put to the German delegates by the Allied representatives. One's tremors of historic awe were only surpassed by one's bill. Ivy said she was positive her chair was still warm from Lloyd George, and I, having seen the old gentleman who had slept in it before she came down, hadn't the heart to disillusion her.

It was here, I remember, I tasted my last whisky and soda, possibly for many months to come. The memory will be with me until I return.

A QUEEN OF BEAUTY.

HOW WOULD SHE "SCREEN?"



Mlle. AGNES SOURET, voted "the most beautiful woman in France." This 18-year-old *reine de beauté* is appearing at the Folies Bergères in a charming Flower Scene specially arranged for her.

MR. GALSWORTHY IN MOVIELAND.



JOHN GALSWORTHY.

IT is always interesting to have the views of the author on the subject of an adaptation of his work. Mr. Galsworthy, however, is slyly elusive of the ardent interviewer, and even when that aggressive person has succeeded in inducing him to "toe the line," the task of elucidating his opinion is not easy. His artistic detachment is disconcerting. Some difficulty was experienced in inducing him to consent to a film reproduction of "The Skin Game," and one gathers that even now he is not wholly convinced of the wisdom of the enterprise.

In the process of adaptation it is necessary to effect many alterations and deletions which must go to the heart of one who weaves his magic through the medium of the written and spoken word. "The Skin Game" depends for some of its wittiest passes upon an incidental phrase or merely an accent on a word, or even a shrug of the shoulder. The film version cannot convey these *minutiæ*, nor, obviously, can it convey the eloquent effect of a momentary silence. Then, too, the absence of colour and of the consciousness of living presences necessitates a somewhat laboured insistence upon the moral of the play, and such insistence is distinctly un-Galsworthian.

Difficulties such as these, however, merely serve to illustrate the essential differences between the

technique of stage and film, and bear upon the present discussion only in so far as they indicate the grounds upon which a forecast may be made as to the success or otherwise of the film version of "The Skin Game." The point now at issue is this:—Will the producer succeed in conveying through the film Galsworthy's interpretation of the human passions and their devastating effect upon all that is dearest to the human heart and human dignity? Or will the film play resolve itself into little more than the story of what, in the vernacular, is termed "a dirty trick"? On that point depends the success of the film both in a popular and in a purely æsthetic sense.

The story of the play has been sketched in so many journals already that there is little need to trace it here. Suffice it to say that it represents the ancient conflict between traditional privilege and aggressive enterprise. Squire Hillcrist, with his meticulous sense of honour and his wavering ideals of chivalry, is opposed to Hornblower, the gross, but un hypocritical apostle of personal advantage and material expediency. Between these two human mill-stones one unfortunate woman is mercilessly crushed. Around Chloe, their victim, Galsworthy casts the magic of his infinite pity and understanding. Chloe is no weakling. It is only Hornblower who could fling her shame in her face. Galsworthy does not justify her, but he draws about her a protective cloak of great tenderness. He makes Chloe a living reproach to mankind's merciless passions and futile laws, even while, to use the jargon of the arduous moralist, she constitutes an "example" of the pursuit of an inevitable retribution.

The producer, no matter what his individual standard of art may be, can exercise but little influence upon the ethics of the film-play. He is a caterer—using the word in a perfectly unprejudiced sense. He is not a propagandist. If, on some sudden egotistical impulse, he forgets this important fact, he assuredly courts disaster. Those who pay the piper have a right to call the tune, and they will not hesitate to hiss if the tune is not to their liking, even though it may satisfy all the canons of good taste.

It may therefore be safely assumed that when a new and frankly "advanced" type of play is put upon the market, it is a fairly reliable evidence of progress in public taste; and this notwithstanding the fact that the initial experiment may be a total failure.

Much, of course, depends upon the interpretive powers and imaginative insight of the scenario writer; and in this respect "The Skin Game" has been fortunate. The producer himself, Mr. Doxat-Pratt, has written the scenario (under the supervision of Mr. John Galsworthy), and the authorities in movieland are loud in their praises in the resultant film-version of the play. The cast (by arrangement with the Reandean Company at the St. Martin's Theatre) is the same as in the original and includes such well-known names as Edmund Gween, Mary Clare, and Meggie Albanesi.

January 3rd, 1921.

OUR SHORT STORY.

ROMANCE.

EVERY fibre of Mary Carruthers' middle-aged soul was passionately intrigued by the new occupants of the flat opposite. She thought of them as the Beautiful Lady and the Hero of Dreams.

They had only been there a week; and she was more familiar with the habits and appearance of "him" than of "her." He went out every morning somewhere about ten, and came home very late—nearly always in a taxi, so that Mary would rouse from her light slumbers, peep through the curtains, and catch a glimpse of him running up the steps. Always a white hand appeared through the half-opened door and drew him gently in.

The Beautiful Lady seldom left the flat; at all events not at regular, specified times that would have afforded Mary an opportunity to drink in the details she hungered for. She had just caught sight of "her" an evening or two since, tall and regal in black velvet and dark furs. But her face had been turned away ere the peering eyes behind the old-fashioned lace curtains had drunk in its beauty. That she was beautiful, however, Mary had no doubt, for she had heard pert Jane, the housemaid, discussing her with the milkman. And, with such a carriage, such grace, such an air, there must be features equally entrancing.

* * * *

Stealing into Mary's sleep came the familiar sound of a purring taxi outside the flat opposite. Her curl-papered head jerked up mechanically from her pillow; her trembling hand switched on the electric light.

Just two a.m. . . . (Mary had decided "he" worked in an office in the daytime and was a dramatic or musical critic by night).

She flung her faded blue dressing-gown round her shoulders and took up her stand behind the lace curtains. She saw "him" emerge—dress-suited, opera-hatted, immaculate. And, sharply outlined against the drawn curtains of the flat opposite appeared for a second a woman's form, clad obviously in a flowered silk kimono, her long hair falling about her waist. The form vanished as the immaculate one paid off the driver and knocked lightly on the window of the flat to the accompaniment of a soft, long-drawn whistle. As usual, the same white hand stole out from behind the half-opened door and drew the Hero of Dreams into the warmth and glamour; into the closed garden of Romance.

The straining eyes behind the old-fashioned lace curtains sought to penetrate the art-blue muslin draperies of the window opposite. The withered heart that had never glowed to the thrill of a lover's caress beat almost to suffocation as the mind of thwarted middle-age visualised passionate rhapsodies in the firelit room. The softly-falling silk kimono—that abundant wavy hair—those outstretched white arms! Mary felt acutely conscious of the tight paper wads pressing against her own unlovely forehead; the plain linen garments hanging over the back of the chintz-covered chair obsessed her as things of hideous ugliness, typical of her starved and barren life; and again imagination played riot among the crêpe-de-chine and laces of the kimono-clad vision once again shadowed against the filmy blue curtains. . . . Quite plainly she saw the Hero of Dreams throw off his hat and lay his head on a gleaming white shoulder. Mary gripped the windowsill more tightly; tears that burned her eyes trickled slowly, painfully, down her high-necked calico nightgown. No masculine head had ever sought repose on her angular bosom; no masculine blood had fired to the caress of her thin hands. Presently, through the blurring mist of her tears, she saw that the Beautiful Lady had risen, and was kneeling by the fire. The Hero of Dreams stood beside her, one elbow on the mantelpiece. Mary was sure he was smiling down into the Beautiful Lady's eyes. Involuntarily she laid her hand over her heart and crept back into her narrow white bed.

* * * *

And at that precise moment, if Mary's eyes and ears could have drunk their fill of the curtain-shadowed romance, this is what she would have seen and heard:—

"So you've had a good day, son?"

"A splendid time, thanks, little mother. But how often have I to tell you not to wait up for me? You mustn't lose your beauty sleep, youngest-and-prettiest-mother-in-the-world!"

And when the dark head was drawn down to that miraculously white shoulder, rousing such tumult in Mary Carruthers' trembling heart, the Beautiful Lady was saying:—

"I've put your hot-water bottle in your bed, dear; and mind you don't forget your Horlick's. . . .

FRISSE-POULET.





LESLIE HENSON—Premier *Farceur* of the British Screen.

ANIMALS ON THE FILM

By Arthur Applin

I AM open to contradiction, but I believe I am not far wrong in stating the first sentient being to flicker on the screen was a dog. Possibly his appearance was accidental—so far as the producer and the camera man were concerned. But dogs have a *penchant* for appearing in the limelight. Our old friend the Derby dog is proof of this. Now, there simply would not be a Derby without him. And how many films does one see to-day that have not among its leading performers one or more of our sub-human brethren? Scarcely more than fifteen or twenty-five per cent. seem able to be made without introducing dogs, horses, cats, or birds.

This is, of course, as it should be. The world was not made for man alone, and it would be a dull and very lonely world if man suddenly found himself robbed of what he is often pleased to call the "lower" creation.

Animals are undoubtedly popular on the film, perhaps because they are seldom asked to perform ridiculous and unnatural tricks, but, instead, actually take part in the picture, are often necessary to the plot, and the roles assigned to them correspond to those they are accustomed to perform in their ordinary existence. Their intelligence is remarkable, especially when they are left to themselves and not over-rehearsed or over-produced. It has been discovered that dogs, in particular, have a genius for acting on the film. As a rule they require less rehearsing than their brother man. I know a dog who always went through his rehearsals for a scene with a certain languor, and an affectation of proud disdain that would have done credit to a million dollar feminine movie star. Directly the word "to take" was given and the camera man commenced to "turn" he entered into the spirit of his part with a keenness and joy that were exhilarating to watch.

I suppose it is only natural, since America was the first to take the lead in the film industry, that she should be the first to enlist the canine and equine races in making pictures. What would one of the Wild West films be without its horses? Over and over again, to British eyes, at any rate, these fine beasts have been the making and the salvation of American films. It is they who really perform the difficult and dangerous stunts; it is they who give us the only genuine thrill. Unfortunately, horses do not always have a very good time in these so-called dramas of the Wild and Woolly West; too often they are sacrificed for the sake of a hair-raising stunt. Of course the finished picture never shows us the horse with his broken leg waiting to be despatched, or the over-ridden brute with bleeding side; or the body of a mangled beast at the bottom of a precipice. The cow-punching star receives the dollars and the applause, but the horse is lucky if he gets a quick and happy despatch.



WILLIAM HART and his horse, who shares his master's laurels.

Fortunately, in England we are more particular than people of other countries, and pictures in the making of which it is obvious there is real and unnecessary cruelty are growing increasingly unpopular.

On the whole the canine and equine stars have, during the period they feature, a fairly good time; they are well looked after and often their owners have a genuine affection for them. William Hart is a man who has a sincere love for his horse, and the well-bred brute he rides, with a white star on its forehead, is famous all over the world.

Tom Mix, who was a cow-puncher before he became a cinema smasher, has a beautiful black thoroughbred who, I believe, has appeared in every picture in which Mix has starred. I feel sure Mr. Mix will agree with me that his horse is every whit as clever and intelligent as himself.

In a moment of enthusiasm a film producer once said:—"I guess that horse of yours can do everything but speak?"

"Everything but speak!" was the retort. "I guess a flick from his tail or one glance out of his eye conveys a darned sight more than five minutes' chin-wag from you."

There is a very fine collie dog—"Scottie"—which can often be seen starring in the Fox films. I have seen this dog in some really beautiful performances, though in the last picture—I think it was "Wolves of the Night"—he did not seem quite so happy. Either he disliked his part or else he had been cowed.

January 3rd, 1921.



DILLY AND DOLLY, two young film stars who have already made their first appearance. ("Our Animals" series.)

Animals are far quicker to respond to reason than human actors. They are more eager to learn, more willing to please; they are quicker to resent injustice; and, especially when well-bred, they are easily frightened. That is why the majority of animal turns on the music halls and in many circuses are generally either unpleasant or disgusting, because in the learning of antics unnatural to them cruelty and fear are almost invariably used. On the film both are unnecessary.

Perhaps the most beautiful animal picture ever made has lately been shown at the London Poly Cinema, called "Our Animals, and How They Help Us." Most of the stars were famous warriors in the Great War. I suppose "Janet la Bassée" must be considered the feature in this film. She was the only living thing in Festubert when the British entered. I regret to say she has the weakness of her sex and is terribly conceited, and, though she cannot give the usual cinema star's display of jewels and gowns she puts on frills unblushingly. "White Fang," the famous wolf dog, plays opposite her. "Chatham," the war horse who went right through the war, is another famous movie star, and on the film he has the honour of being ridden by Miss Elsie Janis.

Grangers have produced for Great Britain some wonderful animal pictures, and certain of these contain more real romance of life in one reel than five thousand feet of faked heart-throbs of alleged human drama. There is one picture I remember vividly in which a bird is seen hatching out his wife's eggs, feeding the little ones, and keeping the nest tidy while his wife is out for the afternoon. Of course, the producer should have shown us what the wife was doing while hubby remains at home—I suppose that is where the romance came in!

Of well-known bird stars perhaps the most famous is Mr. Cockatoo, who, I believe, belongs to Miss Renée Meyer. He played a very important part in Sir Hall Caine's great war film, in which Monsieur Cockatoo featured with José Collins. There was one scene, the interior of a cottage in a village which

the Germans are shelling, where Miss Collins was depicted kneeling beside the cradle which contains her baby. The cockatoo sits on his perch whistling the said baby to sleep. Suddenly a shell strikes the cottage, which crumbles into ruins. I saw this scene "shot." The cockatoo was saying "Pretty Cockie, Pretty Cockie." At that moment the shell was supposed to burst; the cottage, specially built for the purpose, crumbled into ruins, and when the dust drifted away the bird was still there sitting on his perch looking paralysed. Then suddenly he flapped his wings and, with a hoarse cry of "Pretty Cockie; oh, hell!" flew straight into the camera. It made a wonderful picture and a thrilling episode.

There are certain pictures on which the Censor should keep a watchful eye. I refer to those in which "wild" beasts are made to feature; lions and tigers supposed to be chasing the leading characters. They, in turn, are hunted and harried, and eventually shot or speared. The old Roman circus was less revolting than this, and the animals were killed in a far more cleanly and sporting way. No civilised community should tolerate pictures of this kind for a moment.

Animals on the film are often more entertaining than human beings. They can amuse us, thrill us, and teach us just as much as many of our highly-paid, loudly-boomed stars. And they never descend to vulgarity or impropriety! Moreover, when properly employed they will surely teach us the true relations between man and the so-called dumb creation. The world without its furred and feathered folk would be a dreary place, and the films without its canine and equine performers would lose a great deal that is interesting, beautiful, and mysterious.

But, like men and women, they must be actors, not mere tricksters. And their performance must be a tribute, not a reproach, to the "superior" creation who enlist them for the films.



BRUIN is a well-known "Granger" artiste.

The Star System.

In one respect, at least, I think the Americans are more at fault than we are. I refer to the star system. I am not averse to stars, indeed I think they are necessary; but I do object to a system whereby stories are so frequently distorted in order to throw the star into undue prominence. The result is usually all star and no story.—Haidée Wright in "The Picture Show."

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SUNDAY CHRONICLE

An important institution is the Victoria Cinema Studio, which has been in existence for seven years, and is the only one of its kind in England. It has produced seven stars now featuring in British Productions.

DAILY MIRROR

Calling at the Victoria Cinema Studios, Rathbone Place, recently, *The Daily Mirror* found a number of embryo Mary Pickfords deep in the intricacies of making-up, a by no means becoming process, involving the use of much yellow paint.

PICTURES AND PICTUREGOER

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—Extract from SUNDAY CHRONICLE.

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January 3rd, 1921.



Mr. R. HENDERSON BLAND

Mr. R. Henderson Bland, whose masterly interpretation of "Gilfil" in George Eliot's "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story" roused the unanimous acclamations of the film critics, had a very valuable training on the legitimate stage before acting for the screen. His career began in 1897, when he spent two years under the management of Sir Herbert Tree before putting

in some very strenuous work in the provinces, where he played any number of big parts, including a long tour with the Ben Greet Company as "Athos," in "The Three Musketeers." He played with Lewis Waller in "Monsieur Beaucaire," with Mrs. Langtry on a South African tour, with Mrs. Brown-Potter, and with Sir George Alexander.

January 3rd, 1921.

Movie-Land



In discussing his film experience, it was eminently natural that he should talk more of his most arduous part—that of the "Christus" in "From the Manger to the Cross"—than of his later achievements. For it was in this role he received a world-wide ovation which, I think it would safe to say, has been unparalleled in the history of the film. The American and British Press alike devoted whole issues of their journals to what was universally admitted a "sublime conception." It was in this film, says Mr. Henderson Bland, that he played under the ideal producer, Mr. Sidney Orlicott. Orlicott's treatment of his "big" artistes revealed the respect for genius of genius. He never "hustled"; except for an occasional helpful suggestion, he practically left it to the artiste to interpret his role, once he was convinced of that artiste's creative ability and psychological insight. British producers, suggests Mr. Bland, are sometimes too anxious to shoulder all the responsibility and to leave too little to the actor's powers of interpretation. "They trust too little," he says, "to the temperament and emotional insight of the actor. The producer who has to hold in his hands the control of the whole piece cannot enter into the spirit of each character as can the individual who has to think of nothing else."

Conversation with Mr. Henderson Bland reveals him as a voyageur in the realm of thought no less than in foreign lands, years of sojourning to which rare trophies adorning his beautiful flat in Maida Vale

bear fascinating testimony. His bookshelves are no less eloquent of his tastes than his curios and *objets d'art*. He is a thinker and a dreamer. He is a poet. To talk with him is to realise that no atmosphere is alien to him; that there are few roles he could not interpret with the fidelity of the consummate artiste, for whom every variety of individual type stands out with a sharply defined aura against the background of his own wide experience as a traveller, a man of the world, and lover of the arts. Since leaving him I have been reading the little book of poems I "raided" from his shelf which have given Henderson Bland his place in the world of letters. I salute the poet; but, above all, I salute the actor who has brought the largess of poetry to the new world of the screen.

Booked for "Movie-Land"

Daley Cooper, one of the most popular humorists of the "halls," who has just set sail on a South African tour with—



MABEL LAIT, his charming wife and stage-partner, who was a signal success in musical comedy before she became the bright particular star of the "Cooper and Lait" combine. Both are soon to be "produced" in screen comedies. It is their ambition to emulate the Drews, for whom they have always expressed the profoundest admiration.

A SIGH FROM THE STUDIO.

By A Studio Manager.

(EDITOR'S NOTE.—While the opinions of contributors are not necessarily endorsed by "Movie-Land," space will be accorded for the discussion of various points of view appertaining to the world of the film, and correspondence on provocative topics is invited.)

THERE has been a long-sustained shriek about the "struggling crowds" at the foot of the ladder of British screen success. One is led to wonder how many embryo stars have been lost to British movieland through the unbalanced vapourings of writers who would seem, from the very nature of their screeds, to be disappointed aspirants to film fame! Is it not true that in every walk of life there are "struggling crowds" at the bottom, many of whom attain to high honours only after years of hard work and patient persistence along a difficult road? Why, then, should the infant cinema profession be castigated because there are inevitably thousands of aspirants striving to climb the tree of progress?

No producer who hopes to make good can offer anything but the very best to the British public; and anybody who imagines that a divorced countess, a murderer's wife or a society belle will prove a paying proposition, irrespective of ability, is simply fooling himself. It is unfortunately true that we have to turn to the stage for our leading artists. Where else can we find the ability? Yet, given equal opportunities of choosing between a stage artist or an exclusively film artist of equal merit, where is the producer who would voluntarily choose the former, taking upon his shoulders all the attendant evils of matinees, evening performances, rehearsals, etc.? The wretched producer—always on the *qui vive* for promising film talent—is the keenest man alive to talent that emerges from the "struggling crowds" and proves itself worthy of better things. The life of a producer—and his Company—is one long incessant search among the ranks for the genius that may lie dormant there.

There is no doubt that in the very early stages of the film industry in this country (and probably in America also) it was often the case that a producer would on every possible occasion advance the claims of his wife, daughter or sweetheart, closing

an affectionately short-sighted eye to the best interests of the film industry. And, the industry being largely in the experimental stage, there were few with sufficient experience or knowledge to say him nay. Thus, while in the past it was probably true that few, if any, opportunities were afforded the "outsider," we have now arrived at the stage when only the best will suffice.

It is generally admitted that the American industry has reached its zenith, while we in England are still growing, and while we feel that the mechanical and technical branches are more and more worthily upholding the best traditions of British workmanship, we must spare no effort in the search for artists who will prove capable of attaining the highest honours the profession has to offer. It is not too much to say that there is not a producer worthy the name who is not intensely alive to the lamentable dearth of real genius in this country, and who is not therefore constantly on the look out for genius which he feels, in spite of its elusiveness, must undoubtedly exist in a country that has contributed so worthy a quota of genius to the legitimate stage. Briefly, one is convinced that there is histrionic ability in plenty here in Great Britain that could be secured for the screen no less than the stage.

Do not let it be inferred that I am advocating every screen-struck maid should throw in her lot with those admittedly struggling rankers. Ambition must be seasoned with common sense. Recruits must possess definite and essential qualities peculiar to the film actress. By all means let it be well understood that there is not an inch of room, even in the lowliest crowd, for any of those hopelessly unsuitable candidates who form the major part of those "struggling thousands"; but in common justice to the future of the British film industry it should be proclaimed that there is plenty of room at the very top of the tree for real film genius.

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Miss CONSTANCE COLLIER.

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CONSTANCE COLLIER—THE IDEAL CLEOPATRA.

By George Woodham Smith.

I FOUND Miss Constance Collier, on a particularly wet and unpleasant afternoon, comfortably seated in front of an immense fire. "I can't move," she said as I came in, "I am far too comfortable." Her drawing room is designed for comfort, and I am afraid it was only with an effort that she dragged her attention from an almost completed jumper—she was sewing up the side, I think—to talk of herself and films.

"I had almost forgotten all about 'Bleak House,'" she admitted when I mentioned "Lady Dedlock," "it is so many months since it was filmed. Can you tell me," she asked between stitches, "why the release of a film takes so long?" I couldn't, but I passed her the scissors, and waited anxiously while a needle was threaded.

"What do you think," I asked, "makes the successful screen artist?" "Surely, it's Thought," she answered. "Action and gesture alone, without understanding and feeling, will always photograph 'dead.' Thought is the thing that the camera reproduces. People talk of Mary Pickford's curls and Charlie Chaplin's walk as though they were the things which had made their success. Those are only incidentals. It is their amazing intelligence that appears on the screen and has placed them where they are."

I murmured my unimportant agreement, and mentioned producers. Miss Collier put down her knitting and became enthusiastic. "The whole success—everything—depends on the producer," she said. "He must be able to make you forget that you are only playing to a camera. He must give the stimulus that the actress finds in playing to a packed theatre. The producer is the audience, and represents something like a million people. There are only a few men who can create this atmosphere, but a producer like H. W. Griffiths, who produced me in America, so dominates his castes with his personality that he can make them do anything. I was lucky, too, in being produced in 'Bleak House' by Mr. Maurice Elvey.

"There is one thing, though, that English producers might copy from America, and that is the cutting of their own films. I do not see how another man can possibly have any conception of what was in the mind of the producer when the film was taken. The whole dramatic purpose may be lost if another man cuts. Charlie Chaplin, you know, not only writes but cuts his own films."

It is a lot easier to get Miss Collier to talk about other people than about herself. She returned to the knitting whenever I steered the conversation in that direction. She did, however, confess to a half longing to play her great part of "Cleopatra" for the screen. "Anthony and Cleopatra" is undoubtedly a theme that deserves better treatment than it has so far received at the hands of film producers.

"What incident," I asked, "stands out most clearly in 'Bleak House'?"

"The cold!" she answered, without a moment's hesitation. "I had to lie in the snow in the middle of winter for one scene, and was terrified of colds and chills. Now those scenes have been cut out!" I shuddered, and drew a little nearer to the fire. Just then to lie in the snow to no purpose seemed to me worse than death.

"The principal difference," she concluded with a laugh, "is that one has to be at the studio almost before it's light. Who," she asked, "feels really brilliant at nine o'clock in the morning?"

"And what do you intend——?" I began to ask, but the scissors were lost. When they had been found again, I pulled my courage together, and made my departure into the dismal evening damp. All the way home I remembered a soft voice full of melody—and the warmth of an excellent fire.

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KELTIE'S KRAZY KATCHES

"THE ONLY WAY!"

Being the way, by logical inheritance, of his illustrious forbears, to the greatest of whom—Ellen Terry—the immortal actress's grandson bears a striking resemblance.



MR. ROBERT CRAIG, Ellen Terry's grandson, who has recently entered Movie-Land. "I'd like film work much better," he declares, "if only they'd let me appear occasionally in an ordinary shirt and trousers! But they will insist on a top hat and high collars. Not 'What's your experience?'—but 'Who's your tailor?' is the leading question of the average movie 'producer.'"

Mr. Craig gave a charming screen portrayal in "Darby and Joan." But he has dreams of a bigger and better Movie-Land, like all the real artistes of

vision who are awakening to the infinite possibilities of the screen. Our portrait shows him in Martin Harvey's production of "The Only Way."



And this is his charming wife, whose Anglo-French parentage is evidenced in a striking temperamental heritage, guarded intact by a girlhood spent in a quiet Devonshire village. Mrs. Robert Craig is a gifted violinist and dancer, and it is whispered that she may some day be seen on the screen. "An ideal Jeanne d'Arc," was the verdict of one connoisseur.

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IMPRESSIONS OF THE THEATRE.

By Mrs. Gordon Craig.

IT seems strange, almost an impertinence perhaps, in a periodical devoted to a younger art, to be criticising what might be called its parent! But this is an age of healthy and delightful relationship between different generations; and so it is, I think, with the Theatre and the Cinema. They are the best friends imaginable, and the oldest devotees of the theatre amongst us are the first to realise the charm and the possibilities of the new medium. The elder, and admittedly still the greater, loses nothing of its hold on us by the widening of its sympathies to embrace the younger. And what a wonderful child it is! Shorn by its limitations of at least three of the greatest factors to which we have been for centuries accustomed, the subtleties of colour, of the human voice, of the spontaneity of dialogue sparkling or profound; handicapped indeed, yet, at its best, satisfying and complete. So much so, that I wonder sometimes whether the "half measure" is not better for us, and if we are not somewhat satiated by the full diet of the theatre, more particularly in the very spectacular plays and revues where the eye, ear and mind are all served at the same time and in such abundance, that it seems to me at times a little bewildering. But there are exceptions; and the one which rises in my mind at the moment as the perfect whole, is the beautiful vision unfolded to us every night, if we will, at the Haymarket, "Mary Rose." Perfect, in that it is the dream of one incomparable artiste wafted into the minds of others; devotees all, I feel sure; and in every instance expounded by them with the beauty of inspired artistry. Only to-day I was asked what it all meant. I had no definite reply

to give. Who can explain or fathom fantasy? Isn't it a spirit, a fairy, or an angel that lures us on yet constantly evades us; and is not this the secret of its fascination and its grip on our heart-strings? As well "explain" a dream or an unbidden tear, or the west wind with the rain in it! Far be it from me to try. I rather sit quietly by in wonder and worship, and thank the powers that be for the wonderful gift that is amongst us.

* * *

Even in so sad a world as ours has been of late, and still is, it isn't possible to be quite unhappy when Barrie shows us that we have a right to some happiness after all. "Isn't it wonderful the way happiness keeps breaking through?" he says, with the lips of the sweet, old mother with the broken heart, and yet with something in the way of help and comfort for those less perfectly and sweetly balanced than herself. To me, she is the heroine of the play, not poor Mary Rose flitting in and out. And when she kneels to pray just because she couldn't



MISS FAY COMPTON.

(By courtesy of "Eve.")

do anything else—just then it is to me the most exquisitely sad thing I have ever seen.

But how charming and engrossing it all is from first to last! How wonderfully it is cast. From Jean Cadell, who could not be surpassed as the terrified caretaker, the living reflection of all she has seen, to every player in the piece. I have seen both exponents of the leading role, and it would be invidious to compare them; but we have Robert Lorraine to thank for the creation of the character. In some phases he is incomparable. I don't think I shall ever forget what to me was an epic drama of voice inflections from anxiety to despair at the end of the second act. It

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was the true note of genius. And when I came back from the dreamland into which they had borne me, I thought how delighted Barrie must have been with him.

* * *

As the lover and husband I thought Leon Quartermaine gave us—and poor Mary Rose—a thought more tenderness; and in the third act he seemed to have forgotten her less than was conveyed in the slightly more breezy rendering of Robert Lorraine.

Of Fay Compton's Mary Rose, I have left it to the last to speak. I should love to know who chose her for the part! It must have been Barrie and the gods. For I do not think anything she has done before would have suggested to anyone of lesser intuition the casting of Fay Compton for this part. But she is perfect. I think I know why. *She plays it with her eyes.* The only way, surely, that fantasy can speak in human guise. Not even words as inspired as Barrie's could have performed the whole miracle. But the eyes of Mary Rose take us with her to the "Island that likes to be visited," away out of our dingy, commonplace lives into the infinity of the stars. And I don't think we very much want to come back again!

* * *

The year has given us so many interesting productions that it is impossible even to enumerate them, far less to dwell upon them all. The general trend of things has been towards more serious work; inevitably the case, as history records, after a great war. There have been many Shakespearean revivals, beginning in the New Year with Martin Harvey's production of "Hamlet," which, though apparently somewhat caviare to the general, was a feast to true Shakespeare lovers, responsive to its superlative dignity and beauty. Then we are indebted to Mr. Fagan for several fine productions, including the "Merchant of Venice," with Maurice Moscovitch as "Shylock," a magnificent performance; to Mr. Matheson Lang for his fine impersonation of "The Wandering Jew"; to Nigel Playfair and his colleagues for "The Beggar's Opera," at Hammersmith, charmingly produced; and to the Reandean production of Mr. Galsworthy's "Skin Game," particularly admirably played by Edmund Gween and Mary Clare.

And for the very near future I prophesy that our discernment and appreciation of good acting will be put to the test by an exponent of Shakespeare already recognised in the provinces, and needing only the hall-mark of London's approval.

* * *

THE CINEMA IN SPAIN.

There would appear to be an opening for British films in Spain, where the industry has developed much more slowly than in any other European country. Mr. Jan Gordon, the impressionist painter, who has

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recently returned to London after a six months' painting tour, says that in the great majority of the Spanish cinemas the films shown are years old. They are either very poor American products or indifferent French, the latter mainly of the antiquated comic variety. In spite of the poor standard, however, the enthusiasm is there all the same, and many of even the smaller houses change their programmes not twice weekly, but every night.

* * *



A SMALL MATTER.

Miss Marjorie St. Aubyn is now playing the "Young Person" in "The Young Person in Pink" on tour, after playing in "The Purse Strings" and "The Girl from Cairo's." During the war she was working at the War Office in connection with recruiting, and tells a delicious story of a woman in Wales who wrote 19 letters demanding that her husband should be conscripted. Finally, it appeared that the unfortunate man weighed sixteen stone, and was reported by a medical board to be of "small" military value.

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CLOTHES AND THE WOMAN.

I SAY "clothes"—dear fellow-women—because just at present I think, if we open our hearts one to another, that is the sum total of our ambitions; or, rather, of the contents of our purses! Whereas at one time we used to profess to "dress" ourselves, now, when our former dress allowance only just about covers boots and gloves, we have to be content just to be beautifully clothed. And, given a gentle hearing on your part, that is what I will set out to help you to do.

Luckily, fashion is kind to us these days. She says we may do just as we please. Never has so much scope been given to individual taste. No longer need the tall and sinuous one disport herself in unbecoming frills, or the *petites* among us attempt classic draperies which are foredoomed to failure.

I always imagine our great grandmothers of the Early Victorian age as tiny, delicate creatures, so charming does this type of woman appear in the crinoline, which, by the way, is in very strong favour just now, though with a strong flavour of the 18th century added to it, showing in the long, generally pointed, rather tight little bodices and the accentuated hip fulness rather than the fulness all round—a modification which, I think myself, is prettier and easier to wear. But the spirit of this type of dress needs to be very carefully interpreted in the materials and colour. Only materials with a little life and spring of their own should be used; the soft ones would not be so successful, but should be kept for the draped slinky dress which I recommend my taller sisters to adhere to. The great charm of these latter dresses during the past season has been the broken lengths in the skirt, an extraordinarily becoming vogue, and so helpful to most of us that I do not think we shall be persuaded easily to part with it, though at present no gleam of the fashions for the coming season is allowed to peep through.

Meantime, of course, sales are the order of the day; and with the future so darkly shrouded, if a choice is to be made I should recommend what I always term a "for all time" dress, such as I have asked my artist to sketch for you this week.



It is of a wonderful design in blue and white beads and pearls cleverly mounted on a background of black velvet, and because of its long, clinging lines has an extraordinarily "slimming" effect in which the design running perpendicularly, as it does, seems to aid and abet. With it is worn a little halo of the same delicate colouring which makes one of the most satisfying ensembles that I have seen this season. The train and the general dignity of it makes it, of course, more suitable for the married woman than the *jeune fille*, but she shall have a little thought all to herself next week, when my artist will sketch for me a frilled

Pompadour frock I have in mind, warranted to break the economic resolutions of the sternest of parents; this, and a little *pervenche* blue taffetas on Velasquez lines bound with scarlet ribbons which would melt the heart of a stone. Having just a touch of costume about them they are not dated at all, and are therefore a distinct economy if picked up in the sales.

But of the making of clothes there is no end; and I could go on for ever telling of all the pretty things I have in mind for you were it not for the necessary limitations of space.

Of the little hat, for instance, which starts life with the intention of being a velvet "tammy" and suddenly, by means of a sweeping coque feather over one ear resolves itself into a very smart affair, curling down under your chin almost, in a most insidious manner, and withal the simplest thing imaginable. Or of another, very suggestive of 1830 in its mushroom tendency, all in black panne lined with white, with nothing to it but an immense watered ribbon which comes over the brim and winds itself in a delightfully crisp manner round your neck again and decides to end its career on your right shoulder.

I do so like our hats to be connected up somehow with the rest of us just now—either with

the hanging veil or streamers. The eye seems to have become so accustomed to it now as almost to demand something of the sort.

A bientôt,

H. H. Hall

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OUR PARIS LETTER.

PARIS, 30th December, 1920.

MON CHER AMI,

Many thanks for your interesting letter giving me the latest news of the London film world. Your suggestion that I, in turn, should keep you in touch with the Parisian Cinema by a weekly letter I consider an excellent notion which can only be to our mutual benefit. It will be interesting to compare notes—yours as a Frenchman's in London and mine as an Englishman's in Paris.

Well, *mon vieux*, the latest sensation here is that created by Mr. Himmel with his hundred million dollar cinema company, and what the French trade and newspapers now want to know is whether it's all a gigantic bluff or, perhaps, a serious menace to the home industry.

Briefly, this is the "story":—

A few weeks ago a certain Monsieur André Himmel returned from the United States and informed anybody and everybody that he had there formed a hundred million dollar cinema company which was to control the European market. You can easily imagine what excitement and consternation this news produced over here, and to what wild rumours it gave rise. The actual facts would appear to be as follows.

Mr. Himmel, whose real name is Himmelfarb and whose age is 27, is the son of a small tailor of Hebrew-Russian extraction who came to Paris from Constantinople a few years ago, and quite recently by naturalisation assumed French nationality. Before the war André Himmel was employed by a Parisian banker, a Mr. Mercurio, but took refuge in the provinces when war broke out. Thence, about the time of the armistice, he returned to Paris after having failed in a small cinema enterprise at Charolles (Saone-et-Loire).

Provided by M. Paul Léon, the Directeur des Beaux Arts, to whom he had been recommended by a mutual friend, M. Dalimiers, with letters of introduction to the authorities of the French Chambers of Commerce in America, Mr. Himmel went to the United States about February of this year with the avowed intention of studying the Trans-Atlantic film industry.

But once in the U.S.A., it is alleged that Mr. Himmel used his letters of introduction to create the impression that he was on a French Government mission. By these means he became acquainted with a number of well-known Americans to whom, it is said, he represented himself as the founder of the "Société Cinématographique de France," which company appears never to have existed except in Mr. Himmel's imagination.

In any case, in the State of Delaware, on the 25th of July in the year of grace 1920, The Franco-American Cinematograph Corporation was created with a capital of one hundred million dollars, and registered on the 5th of August in New York.

It is to be noted that the State laws of Delaware, unlike those of France, do not require that one quarter of the capital of any company shall be underwritten before its formation can become legal, and certainly in this case only \$10,000 were paid up.

Before returning to Paris, Mr. Himmel, speaking at a banquet given to various well-known Frenchmen and Americans, and at which M. Cazenave, the French High Commissioner in the United States, presided, stated that the new company would be affiliated to the Société Cinématographique de France, of which he was the founder, and would thus control the cinema enterprises in Europe. This French company, he informed those present, owned and controlled no less than twenty thousand cinemas in Europe, of which 2,000 were in France, 2,495 in Germany, 1,650 in Italy, 1,931 in England, 1,203 in Austria, 725 in Spain, and the remainder in other countries.

The next act shows us Mr. Himmel in Paris, where he gathered together many French personages eminent in the realms of Art, Politics, Literature, the Drama and Finance. Adducing documentary evidence which showed him to be the General Manager of the Franco-American Cinematograph Company, Mr. Himmel solicited these gentlemen's assistance in the furthering of the new company's interests, offering them brilliant posts with Trans-Atlantic emoluments. He obtained options on important buildings and sites valued at several million francs, for which options he promised payment by the 25th of this month. Options were also taken on some Paris theatres then in the market, and in one case a hundred thousand francs were deposited.

Mr. Himmel has this week returned to New York on the *Aquitania*, leaving behind him a very storm of excitement. A deputation of the trade is being sent to the French Foreign Office to inquire how Mr. Himmel managed to obtain his credentials, and Mr. Demaria, the President of La Chambre Syndicale de la Cinématographie Française, is proceeding at the head of another deputation to the Ministry of Commerce to inquire into the matter.

No one seems to know whether it's all a huge bluff or a very serious business enterprise which may seriously affect the French trade. But in reply to inquiries made in America, Mr. Lewis Selznick, the director of the Selznick Pictures Corporation, declared that none of the American cinematograph magnates present at the celebrated banquet at the Ritz-Carlton in New York had taken the matter seriously. We realised, he said, that the whole thing was impossible, and were surprised to find the French High Commissioner interesting himself on behalf of such a person as Mr. Himmel; indeed, it was only out of courtesy to Mr. Cazenave, the High Commissioner, that we accepted the invitation.

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TED TREVOR AND DINA HARRIS.

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They have completely captured Paris as the leading exponents of ballroom dancing.

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Last night's edition of the "Intransigent" throws some more light on this mysterious business by asserting that Himmel left France in company of a certain Mr. Roumagnac, who, in late years, has had some trouble both here and in America owing to his connection with William Randolph Hearst and his pro-German activities.

And that, *mon vieux*, is the whole yarn as far as it's spun. What do you make of it all? In my next letter I will give you any further information that may come to hand.

An amusing yarn regarding Fatty Arbuckle was put in circulation here some time ago to the effect that he was specially coming over from the States in order to subscribe to the new French loan, which has gone so well, and that he was only afraid of not arriving in time. Arriving at Claridge's here and finding this little joke in circulation, Fatty could but take up some of the loan, which cost him some of his hard-earned dollars, though at the present rate of exchange he cannot have felt it much. As a matter of fact, he largely subscribed to the preceding French loan, and on this occasion reached Paris the day before the loan closed. A huge crowd went to welcome him at the Palais de la Mutualité on the 4th of this month. Fatty stood at the bar of this Parisian film temple toasting the ladies and the Press in champagne, and although he does not know a single word of French, managed several loud and hearty "Vive la France." Thereafter he was surrounded by the autograph-hunters, who kept him busy until he was rescued by Mr. Léon Gaumont and allowed to speak from the platform. At the end of his speech, amidst great applause, Fatty expressed the wish that the proceeds of the performance should go to that most excellent charity, "La Mutuelle du Cinéma," which assists all ranks of the profession.

I hear that the French Ministry of Agriculture is producing some reels intended to instruct the rural population in the most modern methods of agriculture, and to stimulate their use. These pictures will go on circuit and be projected successively in all the agricultural centres free of charge, and after each production there will be a lecture on the subject of the film, after which questions will be answered and advice given. This most excellent and useful idea is to come into operation very shortly, when I will give you further information on the subject.

What still delights my heart is to listen to the conversations which go on around one in the gloom of a theatre. It's not eavesdropping, old man, for really one cannot help hearing what the topic is.

The other night, after a particularly tedious and dreadful drama in which the proverbial che-ild brought the family troubles to an end and her erring parents together, Tom Mix, in a Fox Film, was announced, and amidst the murmur of delighted anticipation, I heard a little midinette behind me exclaim, "Ah, bon; now we shall see the Cov-boas." I was only by the context of the subsequent conversation that I discovered this to be the phonetic pronunciation of "Cowboys." There was also an



CHRISTIANE LORRAINE, the beautiful French danseuse of the Théâtre Marigny.

indignant Englishman who could not be made to understand that "Baignoire" designated one of the little open balcony boxes and not a bath, of which he angrily explained he stood in no need. This question having been eventually settled to everybody's great satisfaction, he then proceeded to explain the film to his family in a loud voice, translating the French with delightful freedom and inaccuracy.

We are all glad to learn that M. Millerand, the new President, is a great friend and patron of the cinema, with a particular weakness for Charlie Chaplin, whom the French only know as "Charlot." I hear that the last time the President was in England he and Mr. Lloyd George enjoyed a perfect orgy of film at Sir Philip Sassoon's place, where a private cinematograph is installed.

All the best, old friend, and expect another letter from me next week.

Yours ever,

"CLOSE UP."



SARAH BERNHARDT.

Exclusive "Movie-Land" interview. By Jean Laverdet.

I HAD, of course, heard of the wonderful receptions the British public had given our great tragedienne on every occasion she had appeared on their stage; but until recently I had never realised what extraordinary hold she had obtained over their imaginations nor how completely they had taken her to their hearts. It is the fate of so many great artistes to raise among foreign audiences a kind of superficial enthusiasm which soon fades into almost complete oblivion. Such evidently is not the case of Sarah Bernhardt, and I had had lately from her British admirers so many enquiries about her health, her activities, her intentions and the prospects of seeing her again on the London stage that I decided one day to pay her a visit at her beautiful home in the Boulevard Pereire, and to try to get her to talk about the future.

I found her seated in a big "bergère," as queenly as ever; a smile illuminated her whole countenance, and, while she talked, her beautiful eyes seemed to

reflect all her glorious past and to foresee a long future of fertile activity. All round the room were books dedicated to her by the most famous personalities of our century and of the universe, innumerable photographs, souvenirs of many triumphs, autographs, ornaments; at her feet a young girl who had come to bring her a tribute of flowers and around her a veritable court of friends and admirers.

There was no need to ask about her present activities, for they are well known to us in Paris. In spite of her age, in spite of the fact that since her operation she can only move with great difficulty, she plays every night a short but exacting part in Louis Verneuil's "Daniel" (the rôle portrayed in our photograph), and it is not too much to say that she "makes" the play. During the intervals, and while the great artiste is resting, it is the same procession of admirers of all classes as anxious to pay her homage as in the days of "L'Aiglon" and "La

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Dame aux Camelias." She often visits the poorer suburbs of Paris; from time to time she lectures at those essentially democratic institutions we call "universités populaires," and of these visits she has the most delightful memories, for the workers worship her. "They are so good to me," she told me with a smile, "they actually carry me, and you should see them push and fight for the privilege of kissing my hand." Quite recently she gave a superb interpretation of Racine's "Athalie," and it is no secret that Sarah Bernhardt, always a great friend of youth, intends to appear in a play by Maurice Rostand, the heir of a great name, Edmond Rostand, her own poet.

Sarah Bernhardt is as indefatigable as ever. So when I came to the question which was the real object of my visit, the answer was by no means unexpected. "To play, again to play, to play always," such are her plans for the future, and she

confessed once to me that her greatest wish was to die on the stage—playing! Further questions elucidated the fact that for the present, at any rate, she would like to remain in France, in her beloved France for whom she spent herself so freely during the years of war. But it was true that she had received pressing invitations from Holland, England, Spain and the United States. All claim the privilege of applauding again the immortal tragedienne. And it was easy to see, although she did her best to disguise it, that she was not insensible to these manifestations of admiration and affection that come to her from many lands. I doubt whether she will be able to resist them long, and from what I could gather I should not be at all surprised if England had before long another opportunity of enjoying the magic of her deeply mysterious voice, so other-worldly, so marvellously adapted to the music of poetry.



MISS ROSIE CAMPBELL (Centre).

Whose dancing largely contributed to the successful revival of "The Shop Girl," declares that to see one's self dancing on the screen is a great help to the perfection of technique. She frankly confesses to a burning desire to act for the film.

January 3rd, 1921.

ON WITH THE DANCE!



Mr. Harry Pilcer and Mlle. Dherlys in the revue, "Paris Qui Jazz," at the Casino de Paris. Mlle. Dherlys has created a sensation even in Paris, where her "poses" are in an almost literal sense a revelation of the form divine. She is truly a daughter of the gods, and the worldly cynics who mainly compose her audience greet her appearance in awed silence, sans Rabelaisian jeer or comment. "The apotheosis of beauty" is the verdict alike of famous critics and men and women of the world.

AN ENGLISH PREMIÈRE DANSEUSE.

In spite of a name full of Latin suggestion, "Mademoiselle" Yvonne Daunt is an English girl who holds the position as première danseuse at l'Opera in Paris, which she was awarded, when only eighteen, as the result of a competition. One of her greatest successes was the creation of the "Furie" in "Castor and Pollux." The management of the Opera is entrusting the arrangement of one of the modern ballets to Miss Daunt during the coming season. Striking originality of method and an exquisite sense of comedy are the prominent features of Miss Daunt's art.



Mlle. YVONNE DAUNT.

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"TRENT'S LAST CASE" ..	" ..	E. C. Bentley
"HER PENALTY"		from an original Scenario
"IN FULL CRY"	by ..	Richard Marsh
"THE LOUDWATER MYSTERY"	" ..	Edgar Jepson
"THE PENNILESS MILLIONAIRE"	" ..	D. C. Murray
"LEVITY HICKS"	" ..	Tom Gallon
"AMBITION"		Andrew Soutar

(specially written for the Broadwest Company)

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January 3rd, 1921.

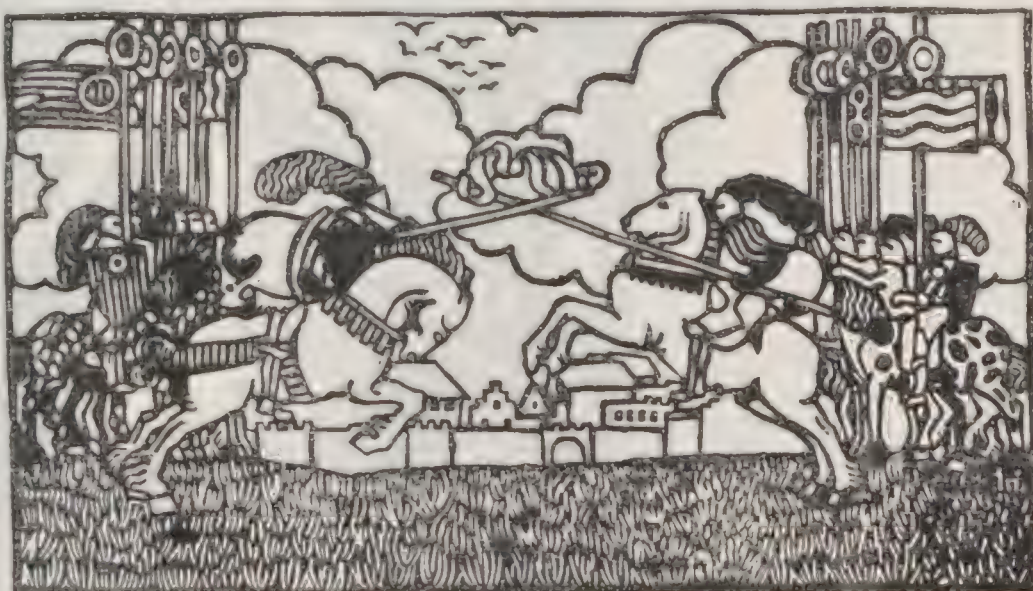
CHILD WORK IN ART.

HOW many people, I wonder, in their quest of amusement or knowledge last month, found time to visit the Galleries of the British Institute of Industrial Art, in Knightsbridge, where was held the Exhibition of Children's Work from Professor Cizcks' Class at the Vienna School of Arts and Crafts.

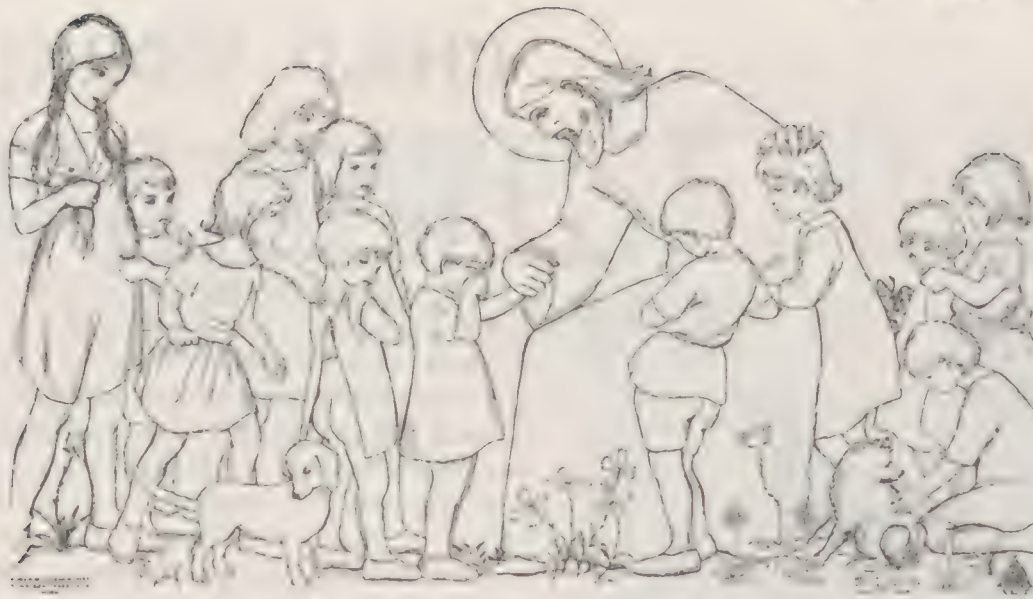
I was dining near by with a friend, and I shall always be grateful to her for insisting on my leaving her comfortable hearth to see something that she thought would interest me. I have to confess to being a little sceptical. For one thing, I have a horror of the infant prodigy in any form (it is usually so disastrous for the infant), as my dear country, much as I love it, does not always supply me with the artistic fare for which my soul hungers. But even the most sanguine could hardly have anticipated the miracles which were so modestly and unobtrusively hung within those walls. Amazing, had they been given us as the picked works of half a dozen of the world's great artists—but as the work of children under 15, nothing less than miraculous. The secret of the Scriptures which tell us that we must become as little children is what Professor Cizcks seems to have discovered for us. Here are children achieving out of the simplicity of their souls, without apparent effort, what we with all our knowledge and experience attempt in vain, and only achieve, perhaps, after years of patient toil.

"Blake" was the first name that came to my lips. Here are Blake's poems come to life on paper or canvas, or what you will, for no medium seems to come amiss to these children under Professor Cizcks' guidance. Here are charcoal drawings that might be the rough sketches of Morris or Burne-Jones at their best, or pen and ink drawings with all and more of their decorative completeness. Low tone colour work of great masses of people, quite perfect in their grouping and compositions, and recalling the old masters, woodcuts in characters extraordinarily resembling Nicholson's early work. Imaginative work, though not always of a pleasant nature; showing an insight into the realities of life that almost

MISS CHRISTINE MORRIS and RINDER have been giving exhibitions of the tango at the London Empress Rooms dances and at a number of charity matinees. Miss Morris is fast becoming an international exhibitionist, as during the summer she danced at Ostend and Blankenburgh, and has just departed for Les Avants, where she is to give exhibitions of the most modern dancing developments. There is a big opening in Switzerland and the South of France for really good dancers, as at many of the biggest hotels the standard is by no means high, and everyone wants to see "the latest thing." Miss Morris, before her departure, confessed to a keen anticipation of the joys of winter sports and was wondering if an early proficiency with a tea-tray on the stairs was likely to come in handy.



By a child aged 14.



By a child aged 13.

terrifies one coming from a child, but yet done, I am told by a perfectly healthy-minded, normal boy, and in many other instances, indications of a profound religious instinct combined with a feeling of repose, sadness and beauty, added to the intensely decorative sense, such as I have never seen surpassed as in "A Soldier's Grave" and many renderings of the Nativity and other sacred incidents, all treated so reverently and beautifully that one feels it could only arise from the pure unspoiled heart of a child. I wonder why we have never thought of it before.

It has fallen to the lot of Professor Cizcks to make this discovery for us, and very grateful we should be to him for it and to those who were instrumental in bringing its results to this country; also to Mr. John Cousins, who, in visiting the class on behalf of the "Save the Children Fund," assisted greatly in the enterprise.

The Professor, like all truly great people, is extremely modest over his discovery, and takes little credit to himself for the children's work. In a little

essay on the subject written by him, he claims merely to take the lid off the minds of the children—other people, he thinks, puts it on! What a simple reasoning it all sounds, and now are we going to profit by it, or are we still going to overtrain our children, and cut off all the corners of their originality, robbing ourselves of the joy of their simplicity? Rather let us come humbly down to their level and learn from them to simplify our minds and incidentally our works. And even then could it be done, was the question I asked myself as I came away most reluctantly, feeling, I am bound to admit, rather as I should expect to feel after an earthquake, with the world of my ideas somewhat upside down! Above all, with the feeling that the last word had been said, that there was nothing much more to be said, or done rather, in art; that these children in their ingeniousness had said all. I can imagine we shall have something the same feeling when we discover a planet 1,000 times bigger than our own, and realise at last our own insignificance in the great scheme of things.



By a child aged 12.

January 3rd, 1921.

THE GENIUS OF APPLIED ART.



MR. CHARLES E. DAWSON.

This is Charles E. Dawson, the famous artist. You see him in a typical attitude at the dictaphone. For "C.E.D." epitomises the genius of applied art. He has made a huge commercial success out of inspiration, and the card-index system, allied to a conscience. This conscience of his, plus the other qualifications, has made famous artists out of novices—all by post! All the world knows Bruce Bairnsfather. This is what "Ole Bill's" creator writes to Charles E. Dawson: "I consider your Art Course excellent in every way. The mass of technical instruction it contains and its stimulating influence upon one's efforts make it indispensable. Even now I always have it by me for reference, and find it an immense aid." This is only one tribute. If one quoted them all, they would fill a whole edition of "Movie-Land," and still there'd be lots over.

"C.E.D." had won distinction on two continents with his book-plates, posters, etc., when his sketch of a girl suddenly captured popular fancy. He heightened his effect by covering the crown of her hat with black and white squares. To-day, everyone recognises the "Dawson Girl." Manufacturers fell on her—metaphorically, of course—and trans-

lated those fascinating black and white checks to stockings, hats, and so on. They became the rage. The source of Mr. Dawson's inspiration is no longer a secret. The lady whose photograph appears on this page is the Dawson Girl; the beautiful Devonshire soprano with the golden tresses and the golden voice—Miss Lucy Dart; in private life, Mrs. Charles E. Dawson.

"C.E.D." is the sort of man who can achieve success without making enemies. He is a tremendous personality; but by some miracle he has managed to steer clear of the shoals of envy and malice that so often are encountered by those who have picked the golden apples from the tree of Destiny. Personally, I am inclined to attribute it all to that conscience of his; the conscience that won't let him rest till he has fulfilled his undertakings; the conscience that has passed on to thousands of struggling art students the secrets of his own success. His students are his friends; and he has friends—hundreds of them—in practically every corner of the world.



MRS. CHARLES E. DAWSON
("Lucy Dart").

CINEMA FINANCE.

IN its early days cinematography was treated as a mere toy. It has long since outlived this slur upon its usefulness. To-day it is a part of our very existence. At once it amuses and educates. It provides a veritable passing show of life in all its phases. We sit in a comfortable armchair and see portrayed before us the events of the hour, without the fatigue of personal journeys through jostling crowds. The cinema holds the mirror up to nature. Life without the "Movies" would be a blank and a desolation.

But we must leave others to extol the value of the cinema. Our purpose in this column is to point out and to emphasise week by week the value of cinema enterprises as investments. We shall criticise fearlessly, where criticism is needed, and shall point out the merits of such individual enterprises as are framed on sound financial lines, and which thus commend themselves to investors seeking sound British industrial enterprises.

Hitherto, the shares of cinema companies, and allied industries, have been very much overlooked by the ordinary investor, and hence it is that the market has been narrow, and the shares have been held too much within the confines of the trade. Every man and woman who finds the cinema show a pleasure and a diversion from the cares of the outside world—and there are very few people nowadays who do not—should interest themselves financially, to a smaller, or a greater extent, according to their individual means, in the enterprise. The industry has a marvellous future in store for it, and a scope for profit-making, when properly conducted, which has never yet been fully realised by the man in the street. We shall therefore indicate each week the merits of certain of the leading enterprises, point out their prospects from an investor's point of view, and, as we have said, criticise such concerns as we consider do not merit public confidence or present reasonable probabilities of ultimate success.

SIR OSWALD STOLL'S ENTERPRISES.

The name of Sir Oswald Stoll stands in the forefront of cinema magnates, and to follow the progress of his various enterprises should prove both interesting and pecuniarily valuable to those who associate themselves, as investors, in his undertakings. It is but a very few days ago that the prospectus was issued of the Stoll Film Co., Ltd., offering 200,000 ten per cent. cumulative preference shares of £1 each at par. Sir Oswald Stoll is the chairman, and is supported by a strong board of directors. The Company was established as a private company in April, 1918, primarily to establish on a large scale the business of Film Renters to Cinema Theatres, and has since been converted into a public company. Under such able direction the Company should do well, and we understand that, although the share issue was made at a time when the general stock and share markets were greatly depressed, the public response was very generous.

ANOTHER STOLL SUCCESS.

The Stoll Picture Theatre (Kingsway), Ltd., held its first annual meeting on Wednesday last. The report shows a net profit of £59,443, and a final dividend of 25 per cent., making a total of 20 per cent. for the year is declared. Sir Oswald spoke very confidently as to the future of the Company, and several of the shareholders present warmly congratulated him, and the Board, on the masterly manner in which they had converted the large building in Kingsway, once known as the London Opera House, from a dismal fiasco into a brilliant financial success. It had been intended to construct a restaurant in connection with the Stoll Picture Theatre, but a difficulty had arisen in connection with the obtaining of a full license, and the project has for the present been abandoned. The Board have determined instead to build a Bijou Theatre with 1,000 seats, and in connection therewith an extensive café. It will thus be seen that the management are entirely progressive, and fully alive to the public needs.

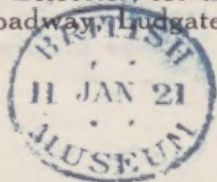
STAGE VERSUS SCREEN.

The question which has been asked so many times before: Will the cinema supplant the theatre? is cropping up again, and several authorities are giving the public the benefit of their views upon it. The consensus of opinion seems to be that the cinema will never oust the theatre, and some of those best able to judge maintain that the former will never materially affect the prospects of the latter. Amongst those who argue thus is Mr. Lauri de Frece, the well-known comedian, who is also a director of one of the largest British film companies. In an article which has appeared in several provincial papers, Mr. de Frece maintains not only that the two arts are entirely different, but that the audiences are also different. Cinema-goers as a class are not theatre-goers, never were, and never would be, he maintains.

This is all very well as regards the general public, but from the point of view of the investor, stage and screen are very closely allied. Both come under the classification of the public entertainment business. Many of the leading men in the theatre world are largely interested in cinema enterprises, and *vice versa*.

CINEMA AND THEATRE SHARE PRICES.

Alliance Film Corporation—preferred 15/-, paid 4/-.
British Photographic Industries—17/6.
Cinema Combine—1/4½.
Moss Empires—(£5) 8¼—¾.
Palace Theatre—1½—1¾.
Provincial Cinematograph—25/9 10% pref., 16/9—17/3.
Stoll Picture Theatre (Kingsway)—14/6.
Theatre Royal, Drury Lane—£1, 15/-, paid ¾—1¼.
Variety Theatres—8/9.



NEW YEAR'S FESTIVITIES

PICTURES IN EVERY HOME.

News of the Day filmed while you sit at the Table.

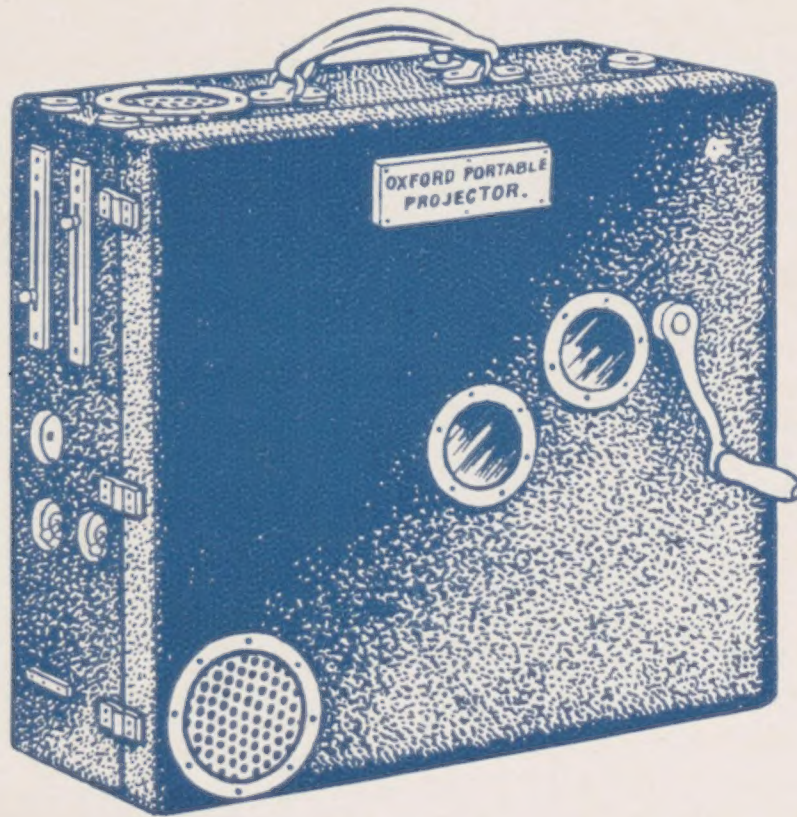
Experiments in displaying cinematograph pictures during dinner at half a dozen Soho restaurants will be made next month.

"Operators with portable cameras which can be attached to the electric light will display topical pictures and news of the day," an English director of the English American Film Corporation told the Daily Sketch.

"No L.C.C. licences are required, because electricity alone supplies the light and the power, and consequently there is no danger of fire.

"The lights in the restaurants need not be extinguished either—merely dimmed a little.

"It is proposed to show events of the day in this manner in every home."



The World's Greatest Film Stars in Comedy and Drama can be shown on West End Cinema scales (size of pictures 10 x 8 x 6) including Chaplin, Pickford, Pauline Frederick, Nazimova, Pearl White, Anita Stuart, W. S. Hart, Clara Kimbal Young, Margaret Clarke, Theda Bara, William Duncan, etc., etc.

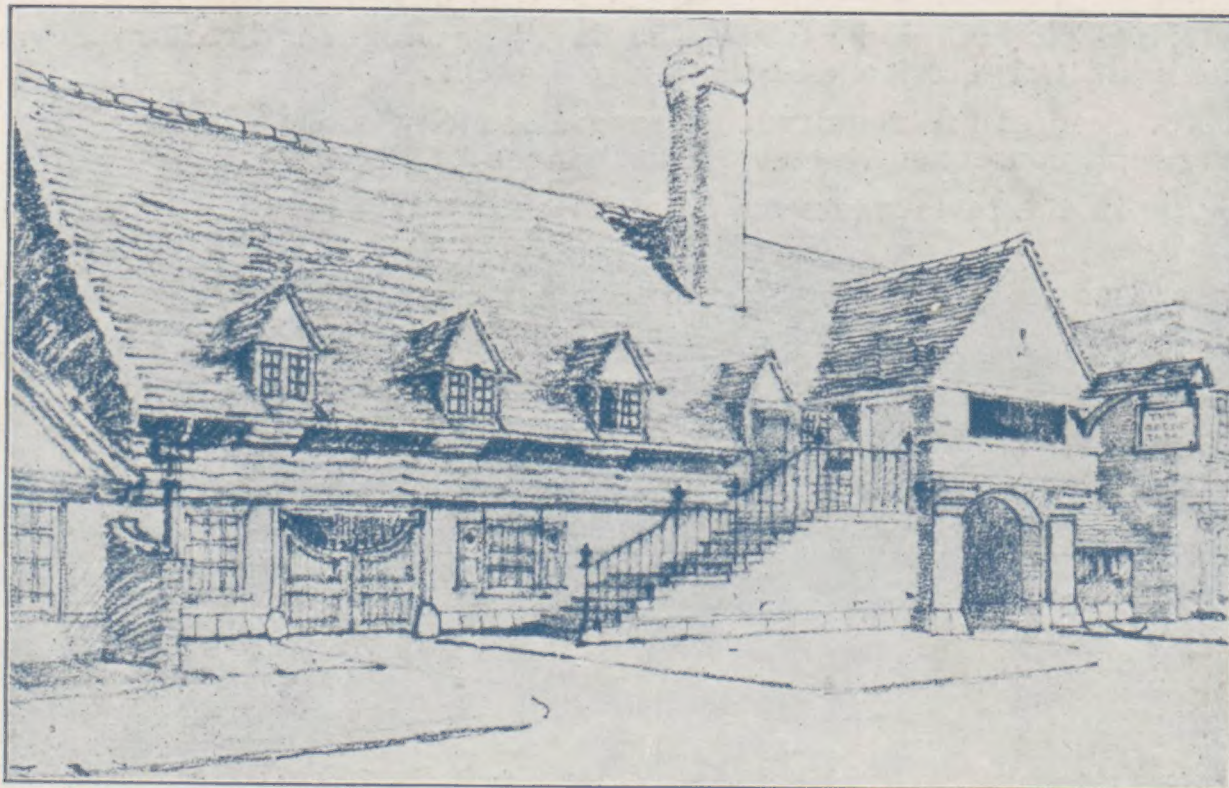
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